JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

Mrs. Thompson, of Barnet, says:

"This teacloth was given to me 23 years ago...

... of course I've always washed it with Persil ... and to-day it's as dainty and unspoilt as ever. Persil washes ever so gently, and gets rid of all the dirt too. I have all kinds of dainty things that I've had for ages, and Persil keeps them all fresh and new looking—Persil is *really* trustworthy."

Thousands of other women have found that precious linens are absolutely safe with Persil. That's because in Persil oxygen is blended with soap in a special way, giving a thorough yet gentle cleansing action. Persil is best for *all* delicate fabrics—and for keeping hands soft and smooth.

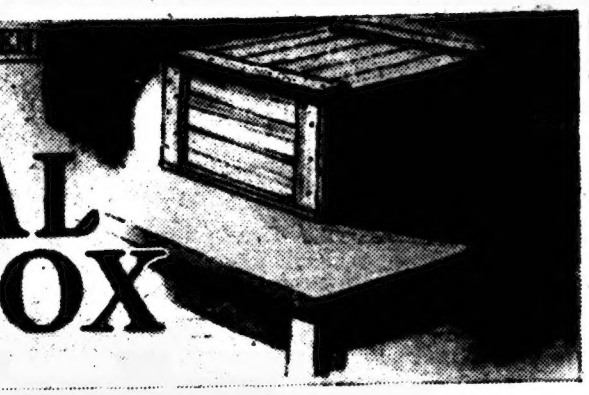
Recent photograph of Mrs. Thompson with the actual teacloth.

Persil's GENTLE CLEANSING makes things last longer

PER 602-631-38

Security Corner by A. FRIEND

The FATAL BOX



HER comfortable little home was always as bright as a new pin.

It was typical of her that when she noticed that the kitchen ceiling wanted whitewashing she was soon busily setting about the task.

To reach the ceiling she put a box on the kitchen table and standing on this box she began to work.

Intent on her job she suddenly stepped back and, falling heavily to the floor, knocked her head. The following morning she was suffering severe pain about her eyes, and a doctor was summoned.

After examination the doctor ordered her immediate removal to hospital where she died the same night as a result of subdural hæmorrhage caused by the blow to her head.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

This, briefly, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mrs. M. M. Williams, of 27, Rancan Road, Westbrook, Margate, Kent. As Mrs. Williams was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SAFEGUARD

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits "John Bull" is still the only paper to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£610 17s. 3d. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £610 17s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependants.

I wonder if you really realise what a tremendous and vital service is "John Bull's" Security Gift.

To my mind there is nothing more eloquent of the value of this Insurance Gift than the fact that since its inception the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants.

FAITH IN "JOHN BULL"

Readers are constantly writing in to me in their praise of "John Bull's" Insurance and thankful for its timely assistance. Here is just one letter from a Swansea reader that is typical of thousands:

> "I received cheque, for which I tender my thanks. Apart from the cheque, I was very gratified because, being a reader of 'John Bull' from its very first issue, I always had faith in the policy of that journal. This experience of mine is ample proof of my faith in what 'John Bull' promises."

For the sake of your dependants you must obtain this unique Security Gift at once. Believe me, it will be one of the wisest things you have ever done. Use the Forms below TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 25/6/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/6/38.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE
SUTCLIFFES
STORE SHED FROM 3/8 MONTHLY.
Design S.S. Small Sheds, 25/-

	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
	6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 0 0	3 6
	7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 5 0	3 9
	10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£4 5 0	7 10
	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£6 10 0	10 2

DELIVERED on first payment. For decking Trade, Garden Implements, Orders, Frames, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Tarify the best value. Rail carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.) Y. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., Yeovil.
CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, 77/6; Greenhouses, £7 5; Aviaries, 62/-; Kennels, £7/5; Asbestos Garages, £5 5s.; Workmen, £4; Poultry Cr'ine, 22/-. Fencing 9/- yd. run. Carriage Paid London Showrooms: 67-69, Oxford St., W.1.

GREAT BANKRUPT PURCHASE
Ladies FLORAL Dresses

3 for 49/-

A marvellous opportunity of securing a smart and really well-made garment at a price that, normally, would not buy the trimmings. Linen material of various colours of floral design. Also checks and block prints of guaranteed British material with collar. Waisted and flared. Fully cut. Detachable belt with black bone buckle and buttons. Box pleated front and back. Fancy shoulders and cuffs to match collar. Sizes 8-W., W. & W.X. Outsize 1/6 extra on the 3. 3 dresses for 4/6, post and packing 6d., or 6 for 9/9, including postage. Send immediately to HAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.L.B.4), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

CARDINAL POLISH
whitens & waterproofs

FRONT STEPS, WINDOW SILLS, DOOR LINTELS, etc. gives a dazzling white finish. Will not wash off in rain.

Also in Cream, Red, Green, Buff and Transparent.
Of all Dealers.

Large 6½

CP/AV/3
CHISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD. LONDON, W.4.

TIMES WATCH & CHAIN
FREE!

There is no "catch" in it. This watch is a genuine Sunshine Swiss Lever Watch in Chrome Case, guaranteed 3 years, and sent complete with silver-plated pocket-chain, also 10 6 Gillette Razors. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer to popularise our 100% Sheffield "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged Razor Blades at 1/- for 12. All you have to do is to buy 2 packets for 2/- (post, etc., 6d.). If not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable—keep the watch and chain, return the blades, and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 2/6. Nothing more to pay.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. B.W.J.14) 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

NOW LOOK AT THE EXTRA VALUE H. SAMUEL OFFERS!

"JUST look at these 3 amazing watch bargains! Wonderful, aren't they, and remember—you can send your selection to H. Samuel's MANY FREE BARGAIN BOOK! Every fine watch, every lovely ring, every beautiful piece of jewellery, silverware and cutlery, every reliable clock COMES DIRECT FROM H. SAMUEL'S OWN CRAFTSMEN. His factory cash prices save you all middle profits and credit charges and your satisfaction or money back is guaranteed!"

10/6
37/6
10/6

BUY IT FOR CASH AT H. SAMUEL AND SAVE UP TO 50%!"

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL ALLOWED!
SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK GUARANTEED

AMAZING BOOK FREE
SEND FOR YOURS NOW!

H. SAMUEL 68 Branches in Gt. Brit. & Ireland. Post Orders: MARKET ST., MANCHESTER. 1.

POST THIS COUPON TO H. SAMUEL, Dept. 198, MARKET St., MANCHESTER, 1.
Please send me your FREE BOOK OF BARGAINS in Good Watches, Rings, Jewellery, Clocks, Silverware and Cutlery.
Name.....
Address.....
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GREAT SURPLUS OFFER VERY SPECIAL PURCHASE

NAVAL COAST GUARD

5/9 POST PAID

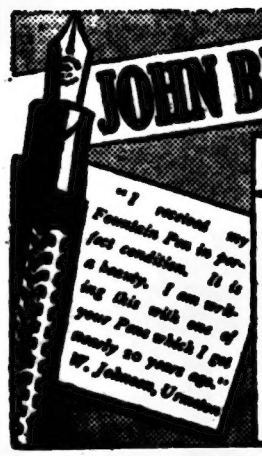
Ideal for all purposes—marine, field, sports & every occasion where perfect vision is necessary. The lenses give clear vision and good magnification. Smooth action centre-screw focusing. Sent complete in neat case with shoulder strap. Limited number only at this low price of 5/9, post and packing 9d. No more to pay. Send P.O. 6/6 now to:—
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.O.3), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THIS BOX CAMERA IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH FILM & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

To popularise our famous 100% Sheffield "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per carton.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.C.J.B.16), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH the COUPONS



"I received my Fountain Pen in perfect condition. It is a beauty. I am writing this with one of your Pens which I got nearly 50 years ago." W. Johnson, Ormskirk.

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3d

WE WANT TO PAY YOU £5 AND MORE EVERY WEEK

We want to pay you £5 a week—and more—as a JOHN ENGLAND TRUST CLUB BUILDER. Every turn FIRST turn—no waiting. Bargains from 2/6 to £5. All goods delivered on payment of first subscription, carriage free. No charge for credit. All postages paid. NO DEPOSIT: first shilling returns. 52 weeks to pay and only 5 shares needed to start. Here is your opportunity—post coupon below for full particulars.

POST COUPON TODAY

"Every Turn is First Turn"—IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

(Write in pencil.)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB, Wembley, Middlesex.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussels REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

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FOR HOLIDAY SNAPS

CUT PHOTOGRAPHIC COSTS IN HALF.—In five popular sizes. Developed free. 8 Postcard Prints (3½ x 3½) 1/4. No charge for failures. Send P.O. crossed "& Co." and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals.

6d EXP

JEROME LTD.

Bovay Place, Holloway, N.7. and Branches

Services SHOCK PROOF SPORTS WATCHES

HENDON (Illustrated)

with Swiss Jewelled Lever Movement and unbreakable glass. Ideal for hard usage.

Other models from 5/- to £5.

GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

22/6 POST

THE SERVICES WATCH Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), LEICESTER.

SHAVE in COMFORT

£3 3s

Make shaving a real joy by using the Schick Electric Dry Shaver. Gives a perfect shave in half the time without brush, soap, creams, lather or lotions. Won't cut or injure tender skins, keeps faces young and free of blemishes. Ideal for ladies. Removes unwanted hair with safety. Price complete, ready for use, £3 3s. post free. Can be used for any voltage, A.C. or D.C. Send NOW!

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SCHICK SHAVER

SOUTH WESTERN GARDEN SHEDS

IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD FROM 2/- DOWN

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND, WALES RAIL OR LORRY.

	L	W	Cash	Fwn.	12 Fts.
Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE and post free.	4	3	25/-	2/-	2/3
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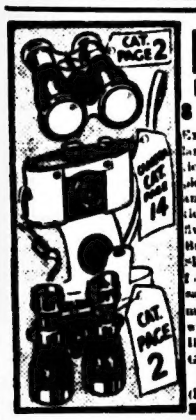
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO Ltd
Dept. 5, HUGON RD., FULHAM, S.W.6. FUL. 1121



PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

8 x 25 Model for 75/-

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification, Wide View, "Screw and Eyepiece Focus," Bending Bar, Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5 - monthly until 70 6 is paid or cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Fully Illus. List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B. 138), 96-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

yours for 3/- dep.

GREAT BANKRUPT STOCK 3 for 19 FROCK OFFER

An unprecedented, unrepeatable offer. Complete factory stock of DAINTY CHILDREN'S WEAR BOUGHT OUTRIGHT. These frocks are SEAMSTRESS MADE of attractive printed material, in Blue and White, Red and White, Blue and Red, with embroidered white linen, Peter Pan and Tie collars, Pleated skirt, Piped puffed sleeves. Fully waisted. Pearl buttons. Ideal summer wear. Fast colours. Washable. Sizes: 16, 18, 21, 24 to fit children 2 to 9. To be disposed of at fantastic price of 3 for 1 9, post 6d., or 6 for 3 9 post free. No more to pay. Money returned if dissatisfied. Send at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.O.6), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE FLANNEL KING'S FAMOUS SPRING OFFER SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

18, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-46. Leg 28-36. (42-44 waist 1/- extra) Fully cut and made from Tested Flannel with belt loops and buttons inside side straps, usual and front cash pocket. P.T.U. State waist, inside leg and width bottom required. 2 pairs 12/6, post paid. Semi-Oxford WORSTED 12/6, usually sold at 21/-. Post 6d. WOOLLEN GABARDINE 15/-. For hard wear, worth double. Post 6d.

6'-

Post 6d. or C.O.D.

Special ALL-WOOL SLIP-OVER V neck, sleeveless, in Grey. 34, 36, 38. Worth 3/11. 2/6

Bargain Catalogue on request.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.B.), 130/134, HEATH ROAD, TWICKENHAM.

A HOLIDAY for a ½!

It seems impossible, but we will show you beyond question that it can be your own experience.

Your much-needed holiday means expense, and the question is how to raise the money. Why not do the same as thousands of other men and women? Spend a few pleasant minutes every week running a "Worldwide" Club and get a good commission and profit share. We know you can do it, and we'll tell you how very simple it is. No selling or canvassing to do. No experience or capital needed. Nothing to buy. No samples to carry. Just a few minutes' spare time each week brings from £2 up to £5 and more.

You also benefit your friends. They buy direct from our huge warehouses on simple 1/- weekly terms, saving up to 3/- in the £ and more on Ladies', Men's and Children's Wear, Boots, Shoes, Fashions, Furniture, China, Jewellery, and Household Goods of every description.

It will cost you just one halfpenny to post the coupon and get our descriptive literature, showing how to make a start at once.

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER. 1

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

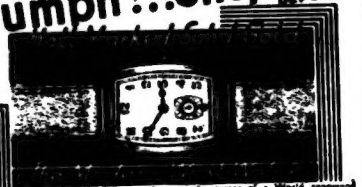
NAME M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B.133. .....

(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

Another Tru-time Triumph!...only 2'6 DEPOSIT



7 DAYS Send Approx. You take no risk whatever in ordering a Tru-Time Watch—if you are not delighted and return to us within 7 days, we guarantee to return the money in full.

For only 2/6 down you can become the owner of a World renowned Solid Gold Tru-Time Watch, jewelled with 15 Rubies and built to a new and unique specification. Automatic temperature adjustment, shock proof and non-magnetic, every watch is guaranteed for accuracy 10 years. Cases are Hall marked Solid Gold, made on a new dust and damp proof principle. Simply send 2/6 deposit and if satisfied pay balance 3/6 fortnightly under reduced price of 84/-. Send or send P.C. for Catalogue of Tru-Time Watches and Diamond Rings etc. ON EASY TERMS

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SOLID GOLD WATCHES 65 LTT HILL, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.1.

10 YEARS GUARANTEE

360 ONLY LADIES' TWO-PIECE COSTUMES 3/11

A genuine bargain in perfectly tailored garments to fit ladies of S.W., W., & W.X. sizes. Outsize 1/6 extra. Strong linen fabric material in latest shades of Pink, Beige, Green, Blue and Lemon. Box pleats pockets. Yoke back with centre pleat, revers and collar. White bone buckle on belt with bone buttons to match. Fashionable inverted pleated skirt. A smart costume for all occasions. Clearance price for complete suit 3 11, post and packing 7d. Money back if not satisfied. Send P.O. 4 6 at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.L.S.3), 91, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1

FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIR

17'6!

or 1 - Weekly.

Solid Oak frame. Velvet cord cushions any colour. Pat. spring seats. Cash and deposit or send for Cat. J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed, and dining-room suites. Cheques, p.o., letters and crossed P.O.s to:—

Carr. & Pack. 2/6

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 67-68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Free Book No. 38 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 38, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

OTHER DESIGNS FROM

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Dwn.	6 Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	40/-	8/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	55/-	9/6
9ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	60/-	9/-
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	70/-	11/6

DESIGNS FREE 2/-

BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER OF GENUINE 12/11 'VARSITY GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS

Here is your opportunity to purchase a pair of new season's genuine "'Varsity" Semi-Oxford medium and light grey trousers at the incredible price of only 2/11. Of real 12/11 value, these trousers are finely cut and tailored with strong pockets and linings. Built in belt loops. A perfectly hanging garment. Fully guaranteed. Simply send 2/11 plus 9d. for post and packing, stating inside leg and waist measurements. Money back if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.T.5), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

NAIL BITING

stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: "Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years." Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9 in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to:

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Worn for Long Hire

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

In the most unexpected places

Illustrated below — Watendlath, a beautiful hamlet near Keswick. "Player's" can be purchased at this old house which is reputed to be the home of Judith Paris, the heroine in Sir Hugh Walpole's novel of that name.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends—Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN • 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. N.C.C.4/38

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 25, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Reith Picks Up the Pilot
Now Weed Out Work-Shy
Marriages Made to Last

BRITISH civil aviation needed a "strong man." In Sir John Reith, new Imperial Airways chief, it has got one.

But one of the shortcomings of Imperial Airways has been its old-fashioned attitude to trade unionism. Sir John Reith, at the B.B.C., has been criticised on the same ground.

Perhaps that's why Sir James Price, former deputy secretary of the Ministry of Labour, has been appointed to Imperial Airways' board at the same time.

He should know that trade unions can't be ignored. Let's hope that Sir James keeps Sir John on the right lines.

Weed Out Shirkers

Much fuss about the Unemployment Assistance Board's decision to find out which of its applicants don't work because they won't work. But let's keep our sense of proportion.

Seek out the shirkers, and deal with them. But remember that they are only a small proportion of the total. Most of the unemployed are out of work through no fault of their own.

Nearly 1,800,000 without work in what are still supposed to be better times! That's a shocking load on the national conscience. Don't try to edge it off.

It Pays to Idle

Far more serious than the "won't-works" are the "better-off-out-of-works." Half the applicants for unemployment assistance would be getting less than 50s. a week in work.

Even on the meagre scales paid by the Board, 30,000 applicants—6 per cent. of the total—are as well off as if they were working. Most of them fathers of families.

In this land of prosperity thousands of workers are not paid enough wages to bring up a family!

Raise wages, certainly. But, even then, the bigger family would suffer by comparison. Grant family allowances, too.

Pittances Not Profits

Much fuss, also, about the "resources" possessed by applicants apart from what the Board gives them. Visions of nest-eggs, of nice little sums put by for rainy days.

But look at these "resources" more closely. Nearly all are merely other forms of State help—disability pensions and the like. Pittances of pain, not profits of prosperity.

Apart from the Board's allowances and what earnings they can pick up, applicants are estimated to enjoy £1,921,700 a year. Of this, income from "Savings Capital and Property" is a paltry £48,500.

Driven on Dole

More evidence of wages too low to keep body and soul together. Kent farm labourers get 34s. a week. An application for a rise to 42s. just refused.

But there is another way in which these men can get a rise. If they obtain a job covered by ordinary unemployment insurance, and hold it for more than thirty weeks, they qualify for benefit higher than their farm wages.

These unfortunates would rather work. But starvation wages drive them to the "dole."

You Pay

Milk goes up a 1d. a quart in most places next month. The reason: drought, and resulting higher cost of feeding stuffs.

The Government does nothing to fight drought. You pay.

Slump—in Parsons

Fewer parsons! England's clergy down from 21,000 to 17,000 since 1914.

Competition of other professions rather than decline of the Church is the probable cause.

Stipends, never generally lavish, seem smaller still since pre-war days. A tribute to zeal and faith that so many still answer the call.

Forgotten Fervour

Yes, the Churches are still strong. But no nation shows to-day the religious fervour which spurred knights to the Crusades, or raised the lovely cathedrals of our ancient cities.

Religion, besides laying down right and wrong, should give purpose to life.

The mass enthusiasms of totalitarian States travesty religious fervour, but are somewhat akin to it.

A pity that democratic nations do not express their fundamental unity of belief with greater zeal and impressiveness.

Made in Church

All marriages are made in heaven. But some end in the Divorce Court.

Those destined to this end will reach it sooner if they begin in a register office than in church.

That is the conclusion of Dr. Paul Poponoe, of the Human Betterment Foundation, Pasadena.

He examined 700 divorces. Church-made lasted nearly eight years each; registrar-made little more than five.

Slap-up Marriages

A church ceremony should clothe the marital tie with greater sanctity. But register office proceedings can be almost as awe-inspiring in their way.

Church weddings, more often than register office nuptials, are slap-up affairs. These sometimes cost money that might be better spent on the home, or encourage illusions that will later be shattered.

Blighting Bliss

On the other hand, a wedding should be more than a routine. It is the formal beginning of what both parties hope, or ought to hope, will be a life partnership.

It should be an occasion that will afterwards inspire happy memories.

Register offices, particularly their waiting-rooms, badly need brightening up. Many of them are unpromising antechambers to a lifetime of bliss.

Dying Words

The B.B.C. is experimenting with broadcasts in Sarkese, language of a small Channel isle that only 500 people understand. Some time back, Truro Cathedral echoed to a sermon in Cornish, now no one's habitual tongue.

Excellent that small communities should keep alive their local speech, with its heritage of legend and song. No harm in scholarly investigation of dead men's words.

There is danger only when moribund tongues are revived, in a spirit of aggressive nationalism, to sever people from people instead of bringing them closer. Better, on the whole, to master the tongues of living neighbours than those of dead ancestors.

Bravo, Beaver!

Beaver! A cry of derision some years ago. For Uncle Sam, to-day, a cry of necessity. In the rivers and streams of Idaho they need small dams to irrigate the land and prevent soil erosion.

It would cost £60,000 to build these dams by man-power. Six hundred beavers, it is said, will do the job at a cost of less than £2 apiece.

Beavers build dams to serve their own purposes. At the same time they do man's work, and do it better. But give man his due. Beavers have been longer at the job.

Gland Work!

Man can't improve on the beaver; but he's beginning to improve that conservative animal the cow.

At Reading University they gave certain treatment to a cow's pituitary gland, whereupon it produced more milk and went on doing so for twice the normal time.

That cow must be thinking hard things about higher education.

Share this Wealth

Mother Nature gave us the land we live on. But we let a few people own it and make huge fortunes from it

Negotiations are well advanced for an even bigger land deal than the Marquis of Bute's recent sale of much of Cardiff.

When, oh when, shall we tax land values and secure a few slices of such unearned fortunes for the community?

Bank Book Blues

ARE you an income-tax payer? Then you are likely to be subjected to one of the most impudent indignities ever conceived by an overbearing officialdom.

It is possible only because the Inland Revenue zealots insist on regarding you as guilty until you prove yourself innocent.

Working-class taxpayers are a special target for the don't-believe-you investigators.

They are being ordered to send their Post Office Savings books to tax inspectors. If they do not comply, they are faced with prohibitive assessments.

When the books are surrendered to the Inland Revenue they are retained for long periods, during which it is impossible for a householder to make withdrawals for rent or other purposes.

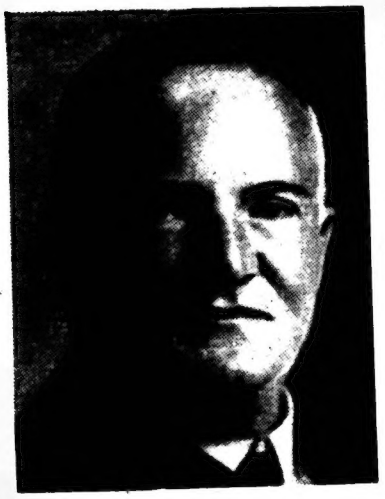
Of course, Post Office bank books are different from the passbooks of other banks.

They contain depositors' signatures.

To defeat fraud the Post Office demands that a book must not leave the owner's possession. Each book is boldly stamped "Strict Secrecy Observed."

To tax officials, who could easily get the information they need by other methods, that doesn't mean a thing.

But it ought to mean a chance for watchful M.P.s to heckle the Chancellor of the Exchequer.



Can Sir Edward Forber, Inland Revenue chief, defend this impudence?

Voice of the People

TWO local house-owners whom I have approached with a view to renting their houses have said to me: "We are not allowed to charge more than so much under the Rent Restriction Act.

"If you care to offer a bit more, which will be between you and me but which won't go down in the rent-book, you can have the house." Could rapacity go further?—E. H. P., Peterborough.

We have heard of this trick before. If a tenant could prove over-payment he could, of course, get the whole excess back.

Cheating Cripples

Serious indeed is the omission from the amending Workmen's Compensation Bill of proposal for protection of workers who are maimed in industry and afterwards certified as fit only for light work.

Their former employers are under no obligation to give them this kind of work, and seldom do so. In fact, men who have met with accidents are often blacklisted for future employment.

Every industrial community has a large quota of these outcasts.—Thomas Escott, 3, Turberville Road, Porth, Glam.

Worse still are those employers who re-engage workers disabled in their service, pay them previous full-rate of wages for a few weeks, and then find reasons to dismiss them. By this procedure, the men have no further claim on the employers.

Hearing is Believing

A woman friend of mine had the telephone installed a few days ago. Anxious to experiment with the novelty, she put in a call to her next-door neighbour.

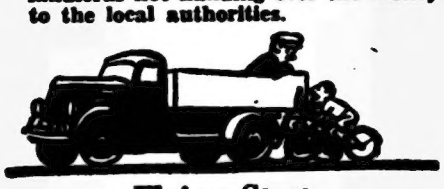
"No reply," said the operator after a time.

"Nonsense," rejoined the new subscriber impatiently. "I know she's in. I can hear her poking the fire."—J. P. Jones, 33, Tarence Avenue, Rhyl.

Sins of the Landlords

Distressing cases are occurring of householders, who have paid their rent and rates, having their furniture seized because of their landlords' failure to pay their ground rents.—Miss D. Williams, 47, Charles Street, Tonypandy.

More widespread and severe is the scandal of tenants, who pay rates with rent, having to pay rates twice over or suffer distraint in consequence of landlords not handing over the money to the local authorities.



Flying Start

I found two youths hanging on behind my lorry.

"What's the joke?" I asked. They explained.

Fifty miles back the local cycling club had given them an hour's start on the grounds of their youth, saying: "We'll keep on until we overtake you."—Leonard Petts, 69, Green Lane, Horbury, Wakefield.

Bearded

"Now bombard me with your questions," said the A.R.P. man from London at an air-raid precautions meeting I attended.

To the amusement of everybody the first question: "Can a man with a beard wear a gas mask?" beat him entirely.—F. H. King, "Seventeen," Hatton Road, Norwich.

Official reply to this poser: "Beard is taken into consideration in deciding what size mask a man requires."

LAST week a friend of mine gave a blood transfusion. He received no thanks.

In fact, he missed his last car and had to walk home.

But he's unfortunate that way. On Easter Monday he jumped into the water and saved a dog from drowning, and the owner wrapped the animal up and drove away without a word of thanks.—Philip N. Kernot, 81, Nerville Road, Broadgreen, Liverpool, 14.

* * *

I BELONG to a Blood Donors' Association. Recently I gave a transfusion at a hospital. I was called urgently by 'phone, and in half an hour it was over.

Although I do it voluntarily, I get no thanks. Casually, my name and address were taken. But neither from the hospital nor the association has any gratitude arrived by post.—J. A. R., Salisbury, Wilts.

Voluntary transfusion service operated by Red Cross issues receipt for the amount of blood taken, states how many previous transfusions, and expresses thanks.

Bee-line for Beauty

A children's playground? No, these are beehives on a desirable building estate for bees up in Morayshire.

Just the idea of a farmer who believes that everything can be made novel and attractive.—Mrs. J. Macmaster, Wrestwood, Grange Avenue, Exmouth, Devon.

H. and C.

This is true: A woman rehoused from slum property has actually complained to the Keighley authorities that she got nothing but cold water from her hot-water taps.

Investigation showed that she had never lit the necessary fire. She thought the water came, already heated, from the Town Hall.—M. Tollins, 84, Low Street, Keighley.

One smiles at such stories. But don't let us forget how far our national complacency is to blame. Such simple things as kitchen boilers and airing cupboards are mysteries to people compelled to live their lives in derelict houses.

Spotting Fakes

Could not the Bank of England devise some simple method, apart from hieroglyphics and water-marks, by which counterfeit £1 and 10s. notes could be detected?—Leslie Coleman, 73, Richmond Street, Manchester, 16.

These notes are printed with a special secret ink, and a reliable test is to rub a suspect one on white paper. If genuine, the colour is transferred.

Queenly Courtesy

Twice in one day, while shopping, I found it impossible to descend from tramcars at stopping-places because a stream of motor-cars surged past to "beat" the traffic lights ahead.

Later in the afternoon I thought I was to be in the same predicament when a magnificent car approached while I stood on the tram step. But it drew up to allow me and other passengers to get down and cross safely to the pavement.

The occupant was Queen Mary, on her way to visit a children's institution.—Mrs. White, 27, Eastcote Road, Welling, Kent.

He Knew?

One of our best-known Durham vicars, the Rev. A. J. Ibbott-Crook, has figured in a most amusing incident.

Offering his seat in a local 'bus to an inebriated man whose backward and forward rolls made it difficult for him to stand, he was thanked with the words: "There's one man here who knows what it feels like to be drunk!"—George Ivil, 10, Bowden Terrace, Bowden Close, near Crook, Durham.

Baldwin and Son

When I told the well-dressed stranger who asked me the direction to Camden Street Schools that I was going there myself to attend a Labour meeting, and that he could accompany me if he liked, he said in the course of conversation: "I suppose you are a young Socialist?"

Half in fun, and half because I don't like betraying my political beliefs to strangers, I answered: "Well, if I'm a Socialist I suppose it is because my father was one."

At which he replied: "But my father is a big Tory—yet I'm not"—and looking closely at my companion I recognised Oliver Baldwin (now Lord Coverdale).—Frank J. Rogers, 42, Guthrie Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

Old joke of boisterous Whig-Tory days: "Why are you a Whig?" "Because my father was a Whig." "But what if your father was a fool?" "I'd still be a Whig." You substituted the word Tory if it suited your political inclinations.

Skid Warning

You can lay roads with non-skid material and then certain stretches become skiddy in wet weather.

My photograph shows how the French overcome the difficulty. They signpost stretches of this kind: "Danger. Slippery road in wet weather."—Eric Lewis, 34, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

This Year of Grace

For three days in succession, as staff nurse in the children's ward of a big sanatorium, I took a hot meal to a little boy patient. It seemed that he couldn't get used to having all the food he wanted.

Then, on the third day, he looked up at me and said: "Ooooh! fancy having Sunday dinner every day."—Nurse W. Conquest, Denewood House School, West Moors, Dorset.

Many nurses can tell of little children to whom an ordinary hospital bed has been a mystery. They have never seen such things at home. And this in the year of grace 1938!

Granfer Speaks Up

Oh, these modern children!

I've just heard a group of lads, ages ranging from fourteen to sixteen, discussing which of them should make the acquaintance of two girls.

Said a veteran of sixteen: "You two youngsters go. I've had my day."—J. Talbot, 7, Duckmoor Road, Bristol.

Organ-ising

Organ music is highly popular B.B.C. material It is no exaggeration to say that to-day there are millions of organ lovers.

What a pity, therefore, that so many thousands of fine church organs are idle six days a week? Why not lunch-time organ recitals? Amateur organists would be glad, I am sure, to augment the services of the regular church players.—N. C. Rogers, 10, Northolt Gardens, Greenford, Middlesex.

Some City of London churches have tried this idea, and very popular indeed their lunch-time organ recitals have been. Our parson readers might like to experiment.

We Want to Know!

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .. Page 12
True Story ..... Page 28
Human Documents Page 22
Greatest of These— .... Page 30

DON'T take off your hats too soon to the new Factories Act which comes into operation on July 1.

It has been hailed in some quarters as the workers' "New Magna Carta," and let us say quite frankly that many of its clauses are admirable.

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IN THE FACTORY

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It has been hailed in some quarters as the workers' "New Magna Carta," and let us say quite frankly that many of its clauses are admirable.

But, remembering that this country has waited nearly fifty years for a proper Factories Act, we are not at all satisfied.

There are still too many spectres haunting the lives of our workers.

With its 158 clauses it is one of the biggest measures ever to go through Parliament.

In one of the final debates on the Bill, Sir Samuel Hoare said that he had sat up many nights with a cold towel round his head trying to master its intricacies.

Well, some of the new Act's omissions should give our legislators more headaches.

Labourer Doesn't Matter

FIRST snag is that an entire industry, the agricultural industry, which employs scores of thousands, is ignored.

Although the modern farm is highly mechanised, the most dangerous machinery can be left unfenced and unguarded—if a farm labourer is using it.

The factory worker is to have full washing facilities—in 1939. This is excellent.

But the farm labourer, who often has to handle poisonous sprays, "dips" and objectionable fertilisers, gets no such amenities.

He must take his dirt home with him, unless he can find some water in a convenient ditch.

Again, there are strict limits to the weights which any person will be allowed to carry in a factory.

But, as one speaker recently stated at the Agricultural Workers' Union Conference, he has seen labourers in the beet fields carrying 20-stone sacks until the blood oozed from their pores.

And men lost pay because their broken skin and racked muscles stopped them from carrying on any longer.

Forced to Work

THE second great omission in the Act is its neglect to lay down a general maximum of hours of labour.

After a great fight the Opposition succeeded in getting the hours for women and young persons reduced to forty-eight a week. Yet that is eight hours more than the maximum for *all* workers in France, Scandinavia and other civilised countries.

Even so, this reduction does not extend to men, and women and children can still be worked up to 150 hours' overtime a year.

Providing they are given a ten-minute break, they can be forced to labour five hours at a stretch.

The Act still permits children to work in factories—to be flung on to the scrap-heap as soon as they have reached insurable age.

We have the House of Lords amendment to thank for forcing that iniquitous system to continue.

Perhaps they remembered their great fortunes and landed estates built up out of cheap child labour in the Victorian era.

The Act does nothing about unnecessary noise and "speeding-up" tactics in the engineering trade.

WHAT THE NEW ACT HAS DONE

(1) Abolished absurd distinctions between factories and workshops and between textile and non-textile factories. In bad old days the owner of a workshop could get out of providing humane conditions by pleading he had no "power driven" machinery.

(2) Minimum cubic space for every worker has been increased to 400 cubic feet, ending the worst of the "sweat shop" evils. Sanitation, lighting and ventilation will also be improved.

(3) Safety regulations have been strengthened and added to. One clause prohibits women or youngsters cleaning moving machines; another prevents young persons using dangerous machinery unless they have been fully instructed in its use and dangers.

Now read some of its grievous omissions.

Without Fear or Favour

Both these factors are blamed for the high percentage of mental disorder and nervous complaints among workers.

At a recent meeting of the National Health Insurance section of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the astonishing statement was made that *one in eleven of all members on benefit was either in a mental hospital or suffering from nervous trouble.*

But one of the main criticisms against the Act is the *permissive* nature of the clauses within it.

Constantly you come across the phrase that the Home Secretary "*may* make regulations" about this or that apparent improvement. Nothing definite about *that*!

So there are still countless loopholes for the bad employers.

Vital Question

FOR instance, in the textile trades it appears that the dangerous practice of "shuttle kissing"—catching up a thread in the mouth—is to be abolished.

But if you read on you find that the Home Secretary is merely empowered to make *special* regulations on the subject.

"Shuttle kissing" would be ended at once if the employers would go to the expense of installing the modern types of shuttle.

But the Act does not *compel* them to do so. Any order is left to the Home Secretary's pleasure at some future date.

We could fill this page with omissions from the Act about this important industry.

Take the problem of card-room dust, which gives asthma and bronchitis to thousands of workers.

It *can* be removed, but at a heavy cost. An employer need only plead poverty to escape from his responsibility.

Nor has the Act removed impositions like the "fining" system in weaving sheds.

Weavers will still have deductions made from their wages because faults have been discovered in the cloth after it has gone to the warehouse.

But there is one omission which affects all trades—holidays-with-pay.

The Act gives nothing except the six statutory holidays—Christmas Day, Good Friday and the four Bank Holidays, or their *lieu*—and even then it says nothing about *pay*.

Instead, we have got the usual "jam tomorrow" promises in the shape of a possible new Act at some uncertain date.

Lastly, there is one vital question unanswered. We have got a new Act with dozens of new items of legislation, but who is to see that these provisions are carried out?

Stupidly Inadequate

UNDER the *old* Act the factories inspectorate was totally inadequate.

If an inspector visited four factories a day in his territory he could still only make a yearly call at each.

If he found anything wrong, as he did in three cases out of four, he became snowed under with reports, and his work became still further in arrears.

Under the new Act the inspector's work will be hugely increased, but only £30,000 is allowed for the extra cost, enough for forty more inspectors for the whole country! How stupidly inadequate!

Unless this number is increased there will be wholesale evasion of the new safeguards.

We are grateful for such improvements as we shall get on July 1.

But we are not content.

Every worker should fight for fixed hours of labour, restriction of overtime, and annual holidays with pay.

The new Act has torn a hole in a rotten system which put profits first and the workers last.

That hole must be torn still wider to let the fresh air into the industrial dungeons where too many souls have suffered.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW "WHO'S WHO"

No. 1—THE KING

The British Throne stands firm again—thanks to George VI

GEORGE VI has, within a few months, become a new man.

He moves among people nowadays with confidence and ease. His long hesitations in speech have almost been mastered.

And a miracle has happened. The Throne, which, in the late autumn of 1936, was gravely imperilled, is to-day re-established as firm as it was in the days of his father, George V.

I can write frankly now about the new King's fears when he heard his brother's first threat of abdication, his knowledge that, compared with the spectacular figure of a man whom the world had long regarded as a Prince Charming, and a man, too, who, because of his travels, knew more of the ways of men than almost anyone else alive, he possessed shortcomings.

HAVING stammered very badly as a boy, so badly, indeed, that, even in his early manhood, his public speeches were made under the greatest strain, he was still shy and retiring.

He put on the Crown with grave fears. He picked up the Sceptre, afraid that he was not strong enough to bear it.

He had to go out among crowds for months, knowing that many were thinking, "Yes, a few weeks ago, your brother was the King. You are only the understudy who has filled a vacant place."

But George VI had one thing more highly developed than anything else—"character."

Because of that, and that alone, he behaved so perfectly in circumstances of stress that a crisis was averted and the Throne was firmly entrenched again.

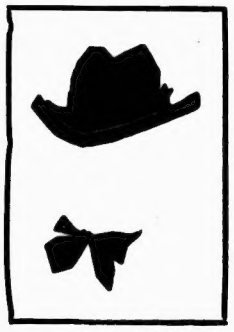
You would think to-day there had been no crisis. Indeed, the new King will soon possess in the affections of the peoples of the Commonwealth as firm a place as that once won by his father.

I may not be a Monarchist—but I can pay tribute to a man.

It took months, mind you, for the King to find himself.

Every time I saw him in the early days he looked worried and nervous.

Then, gradually, a new mastery developed. To-day, personality is seen in everything he does.



The Coronation ceremony was, because of the unique circumstances surrounding it, a greater trial than ever it had been before.

The whole world knew that in the same place, on the same day, and at the same hour, another King was to have been crowned.

Yet such was the respect which George VI had already won that I did not see, even in any foreign anti-Monarchist newspaper, one sneer about him.

Perhaps one of his greatest trials was his tour through South Wales, only a few months after the memorable trip his brother made in the same area.

"Something must be done," Edward VIII had said.

George VI had to go the same way, knowing that nothing had been done, and that, at any moment, there might come a scream or a yell from the stricken miners.

Then, a day or two later, he faced at Caernarvon what it was feared might be a Nationalist "incident."

THE B.B.C. commentators had been warned what they should say on the air if anything happened. Nothing did.

One or two happenings explain more than any others the unobtrusiveness and modesty of the King's character.

When, in Cardiff, the time came for him to knight the Lord Mayor, Herbert Hiles, he purposely chose to do it in the Mayor's Parlour, with only the two leading figures and their wives present.

He told the Lord Mayor to put one knee on a chair, not kneel on the ground, as was the old custom, and he said, "When you rise, you will be known as Sir Herbert. I want to be the first to congratulate you, then your wife, and then the Queen."

Little Lady Hiles began to cry—with pride, of course. She remembered her husband's early struggles as a baker. The honour was too much for her.

Nudged by the King, the Queen went over, and said, "Now, you have been so good all day, you must not let us down now."

IT was at the great lunch which followed that the toastmaster's words, calling upon "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Sir Herbert Hiles," told the city of their chief magistrate's new dignity.

There arose such a cheer that, when he said good-bye, the King said to Sir Herbert, "I seem to have done one popular thing to-day."

I say this because it is not the usual way of monarchs. They are not, as a rule, matey like that.

But the King does not unbend. He speaks naturally.

After all, what other man is there in his sort of position who would go down to a boys' camp at Hunstanton, say to the news-reel photographers, "Now, boys, I want a few hours off, so you had better have one, too," sit down and join in a sing-song with the youthful campers, be "conducted," as they were, with motions to the words; then pose for his photograph to be taken by a small boy, not one of the camp, who said, "I came in through the hedge"?

You cannot very well quarrel with a monarch like that.

Edward VIII, who was very friendly at times, would often "go up-stage" immediately afterwards.

His brother is not like that. Edward VIII might turn up late. George VI is as punctilious over all public appointments as was George V.

Then, as I said, his stammering is being mastered. When, in the historic Westminster Hall, he addressed the Parliamentary delegation from overseas, and he had to speak in the presence of nearly all the great orators of the Dominions, it was painful to hear.

YET, without showing a trace of nervousness, the King went on.

Then, when he visited County Hall, not long afterwards, there were again long pauses in his speech, not so bad, but still awkward to all those who listened.

Yet when, in Glasgow, this Spring, he opened the Empire Exhibition, there was a vast improvement.

Soon, no doubt, the hesitancy will disappear altogether. Then the real man inside the King will be able to express himself, over the air, to all the millions of his people, as calmly as anyone.

Now this, mind you, could not be true unless, as I reminded you, the King possessed real character.

I do not remember hearing of him a word of criticism.

And I have travelled over vast tracts of the country with the new King, seen him meet, not only the noblemen and high-placed dignitaries of the land, but obscure Labour mayors and provosts in the industrial areas.

To all of them he is just the same—a human being who is natural and kindly.

The history of these few years will, when posterity writes it, tell the story of many happenings, tragic, pathetic, full of horror.

One of the most amazing of all those will be the story of how the British Throne tottered, almost fell, and then, a few weeks later, stood firmly again—thanks to George VI

Ten Men To Watch A City

They're Guarding Royal Lives

WHEN the King and Queen pay their State visit to Paris next week ten of Scotland Yard's finest detectives will be detailed for special duty.

Two of these men, Chief Inspector Cameron and Inspector Giles, are always in attendance on the King and Queen.

★ ★ ★

Each of the others has been chosen for his knowledge of foreign languages and Continental crooks.

In charge of the detectives will be Chief Constable Albert Canning, of the Special Branch, who has co-operated with the French police in preparing plans for protecting the Royal party.

Weeks of work have perfected every detail.

Orders have been issued that all shops on the main processional routes must be evacuated an hour before the King and Queen drive by.

No one will be able to view the processions from a window without a pass, and all applications for permits have been carefully investigated.

Houses along the route by which the King and Queen will drive from a private railway station in the Bois de Boulogne to the Quai d'Orsay will be visited and searched from roofs to cellars by mobile police.

Apart from these routine precautions, which are always carried out on such occasions, the public has to be safeguarded against the inevitable influx of crooks.

The Scotland Yard men will keep their eyes open for English undesirables who may have crossed the Channel to prey on sightseers.

Already there has been a drive to purge the city of international crooks, and in this work Scotland Yard has been of great help.

Many local criminals and extremists have also been cleared out of the French capital.

★ ★ ★

One warning.

If you are visiting Paris during the Royal visit, carry your passport and identity papers.

You may be called on to produce them at any moment, for the police are likely to make sudden descents on all kinds of places—restaurants, cafés, cabarets and hotels—and question visitors.

SLAVES of the SEASIDE

- *Are paid 15s. for a week of 105 hours*
- *Sleep twenty in one room*
- *Given food that would disgrace a prison*
- *Are sacked and refused references*

Workers in some small hotels toil like slaves and are paid like coolies.

WE'RE often being told—by song-writers in particular— that everybody's happy at the seaside.

And a look round the popular resorts—already fast filling up for the bumper July and August months—suggests that it's true.

We wish it were.

Those 100,000 people blessed by Officialdom with the name "seasonal workers," who make happiness possible for millions of holiday-makers, are not *all* happy by the seaside. Not by long chalks.

Thousands of them, undoubtedly, do get jobs with human and enlightened employers who give them a fair deal. And that's splendid.

But the rest—probably the majority—would make better material for the ballad-writer than the lyricist.

They represent the most exploited class in the kingdom.

They are worked like slaves, paid like coolies, fed and housed like animals.

Like Animals

Indeed, there are cases so appalling that they read like messages from Jamaica.

Here are two which the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers cites.

A girl who works more than 90 hours a week has to sleep in a wine cellar where no daylight enters.

Wages? Fourteen shillings a week.

In a Cornish resort a young girl cashier grew paler and paler within the coffinlike confines of a glass-sided cash desk.

Not far away was the sea. You could hear it lashing against rocks that rose as high as cathedrals.

To her the sea was something she used to hear sun-browned customers discussing. Her hours didn't permit her to see it for herself.

You see, £650 a week was handed to her in that little glass coffin. That means receiving some thousands of pounds and paying out some thousands more in change. No job for a slacker.

100-hour Week

Her wages? Six shillings a week. A penny farthing an hour.

Such stories can be found in countless thousands in the dossiers of such unions as the Transport Workers', Shop Assistants', General and Municipal Workers' and others that have tried to organise various branches of these seasonal workers.

There are fashionable seaside hotels paying 30s. a week for 12 hours of slavery a day, seven days a week. A hundred hours a week is not uncommon.

There are apartment houses in which waiters have been paid as low as 15s. a week for 105 hours, girls 5s. for 80 to 90 hours.

Fair-sized hotels, the managements of which ought to know better, pay waiters as little as 25s. a week for 90 hours, and platemen, kitchen porters, scullerymen and others from £1 to £1 15s. a week—less insurance—for a week of anything from 70 to 95 hours.

Their food is often scanty and vile tasting.

No Protection

Often, indeed, it consists of left-over material rehashed into fare that no prison governor would allow to be served to his convicts.

These workers can rarely get out to gulp a breath or two of sea air. In fact, those who have homes in the town often go days without seeing their children.

Many of them have to sleep in damp and gloomy cellars where fresh air never enters, ten or fifteen of them packed together.

In one case, twenty waiters have to wash, shave and dress in a small room with one wash-basin.

Yet you should see them as they appear at table. In clean linen—the laundering of which costs them from 1s. a day to 4s. a week out of their small earnings—these slave waiters of the seaside look as if they had just come out of the hands of valets.

Perhaps you wonder why the law doesn't make such hours impossible.

Regarding that, a number of waiters once left their work because they had been compelled to toil nearly 90 hours a week.

Their case came before a Court of Referees under the Unemployment Assistance Act.

And that Court had to decide that they had voluntarily relinquished their employment because **there are no regulations in existence to prevent such inhuman hours of labour.**

Girls among these seasonal workers get an even worse deal.

Most of them come from towns where the industries offer few opportunities for women workers. They are easy prey to the exploiters.

They go to cafés where wages are infinitesimal. Often they are allowed teas but no lunches.

If they want to send a little money to their parents they must starve themselves.

Under the new Sunday Trading Restrictions Act café employers are not allowed to employ girls on more than three Sundays in any one month.

But if an unscrupulous employer breaks this law the girls are afraid to speak.

They think of the future. References are necessary to people who must always be seeking new jobs, and some of the slave-drivers are all too ready to wield the whip of the refused reference.

It is quite common for girl workers in certain seaside hotels and boarding houses to have to sleep twenty in a room, clock-bed fashion, or on the floor.

Quick Sacking

Sometimes such a room is infested with bugs, or rats and mice.

If the girls choose to sleep out, the few shillings they can afford limit them to places where their morals are endangered.

Again, girls are recruited through discreditable agencies that take heavy toll of their earnings.

There are employers who work hand-in-hand with these agencies, share the fees and reckon — by resort to quick-sacking methods—to get a staff for next to nothing.

Often waitresses discover that they are responsible for shortages, such as bills "forgotten" by customers, and breakages.

Some are actually expected to buy the flowers for their tables.

All these things in towns where money is being poured out in thousands by pleasure seekers.

How can they be stopped?

Licensing benches have been asked whether they can't refuse licences to slave employers.

They have had to say that they can't—that even to enquire as to conditions of labour is outside their jurisdiction.

There is no hope in that direction.

Year by year the Ministry of Labour is showing greater vigilance to ensure that the sixty thousand seasonal seaside workers supplied from Employment Exchanges get at least a fair deal.

You Can Help

It's a move in the right direction, although there is still a long way to go.

Local officials responsible for proper sanitation can join in the drive.

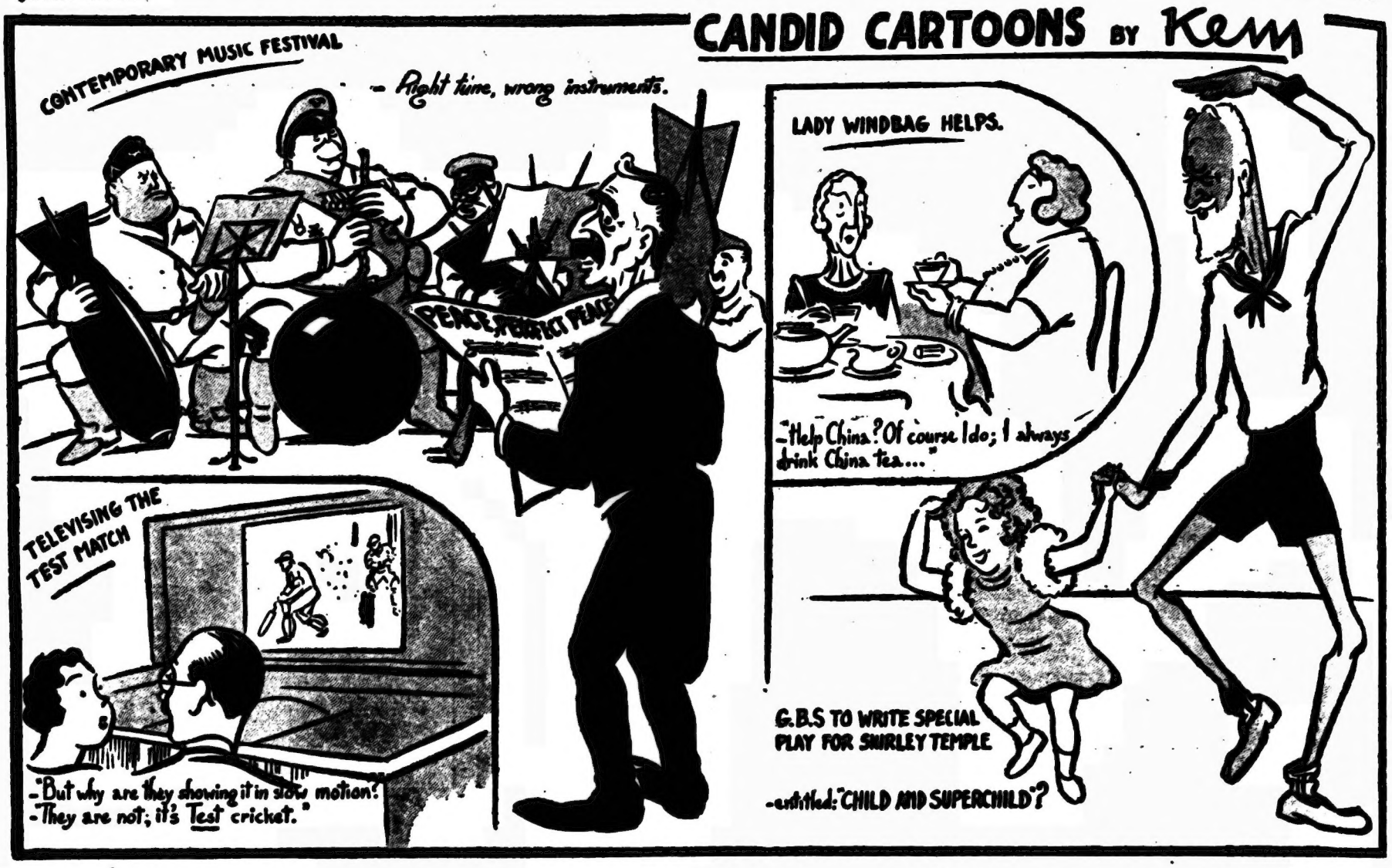
But there will be no cure until conditions of labour all round are controlled by the State to the same extent as they are in factories and shops.

Meanwhile, you can help more than a little.

If you know that an hotel, apartment house, café, place of amusement, anywhere where these seaside seasonal workers are employed, is giving its staff a fair deal, recommend it.

Go there again.

Help to make everybody happy at the seaside—"all happy as can be."


CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FESTIVAL
– Right time, wrong instruments.
PEACE, PERFECT PEACE
TELEVISING THE TEST MATCH
"But why are they showing it in slow motion?"
"They are not; it's Test cricket."
LADY WINDBAG HELPS.
"Help China? Of course I do; I always drink China tea..."
G.B.S TO WRITE SPECIAL PLAY FOR SHIRLEY TEMPLE
–entitled: "CHILD AND SUPERCHILD"?

Open Letters

INDUSTRIAL WELFARE SOCIETY: Prepare for holidays-with-pay by looking into suggestion of working-class hotels at seaside.—JOHN BULL.

MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT: For once, take lesson from Hitler. He's rebuilding Berlin to meet traffic needs of A.D. 2000. We build to meet yesterday's needs.—JOHN BULL.

SOUTH WALES MINERS' FEDERATION: Your £20,000 a year safety research scheme puts Whitehall to shame.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, *Home Secretary*

DEAR SIR,—Still smarting from the snub administered to you at the architects' conference?

Mr. F. D. Bush, deputy architect to Scotland Yard, told you to your face that your plans to protect buildings against air raids were a waste of money and effort.

He mentioned one building he recently designed, in which the cost of A.R.P. was nearly 10 per cent., and which he thought would be of no more use in an air raid than an umbrella

The Cambridge scientists, too, have ridiculed your imposing plans.

Neither architects nor the general public are stupid enough to imagine that a water tank on a roof will stop a high explosive bomb, or a few curtains keep out poison gas.

Try something else!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. B. O. F. HEYWOOD, *Bishop of Ely*

DEAR BISHOP,—So the late Spring frosts were caused by demons! At least, that's your idea, though most bishops long ago relegated demons to the limbo of discarded fallacies.

Why stop at demons? You might as well go witch-hunting and believe, as our ignorant forefathers did, that wicked clergymen can sink ships with the aid of imps.

Even if there are limits to your credulity, you are no doubt convinced that scientists who can produce artificial lightning are the Devil's disciples.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN FOX, *Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies*

DEAR SIR,—I can add to the criticism in your latest report.

There are societies, as you say, which evade their registered rules; there is—"careless and incompetent work on the part of lay auditors."

Yes, and there are so-called friendly societies, directed by shrewd and unscrupulous minds, which exist only to swindle the poor.

That they are permitted to flourish is a biting commentary on the knock-kneed law which I have so often condemned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr STUART J. FULLER, *U.S. Delegate to Geneva*

DEAR SIR,—Your bitter attack on the Japanese drug traffic endorses the exposure of this menace to humanity which I published some months ago.

You prove that wherever the Japanese go in China they start dope factories and dope-peddling on a gigantic scale, bringing misery and death to countless thousands.

Not only in China! The same diabolical cunning is releasing a poison-stream across the world.

In every country, and particularly your own, drug-taking is being fostered to provide the yellow war lords with funds.

What a piece of irony that they still hypocritically send a delegate to the League's Opium Advisory Committee!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. R. DALY, *Cobham's Purity Crusader*

SIR,—Your attempts to "clean up" the local dance hall have aroused my amusement rather than my admiration.

But now that you intend to carry your crusade beyond Cobham, and to "clean up" the Surrey commons, I think it's time to call a halt.

The police can do their job without assistance. Unofficial censors of morals, who see "vice" where it does not exist, are undesirables themselves.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, *Windsor*

GENTLEMEN,—The case of Guardsman Sidney Hewins exposes both the rotten state of the law and your own reluctance to accept scientific facts. He offered to marry a girl if a blood test showed that he could be the father of her child. She refused to allow the test, and the law does not permit her objection to be rejected.

But why, on making an order for 10s. a week, did you declare that "a blood test would serve no useful purpose"?

Evidently your education has been neglected.—JOHN BULL.

Miss BEATRICE BEZZANT, *Surbiton, Surrey*

DEAR MISS BEZZANT,—July 1 should be a red-letter day for hosts of exploited people.

On that date the National Union of Domestic Workers will open its doors, and I congratulate you on being appointed its organiser.

A former servant yourself, you aim at bettering the pay, conditions and status of maids. Without disparaging the many good employers, I know how urgently improvement is needed.

May long-suffering Mary Jane soon cease to be the household's drudge!—JOHN BULL.

Col. ROBERT FERGUSON GROSS, *London Dressmaker*

SIR,—No doubt you dislike the publicity just thrust upon you—an excellent reason why I should give you a little more.

As head of the Knightsbridge firm of Ann Mars, you have been fined under the Truck Act for making deductions from a girl's wages.

She was sacked and paid 2s. 2½d. for practically a week's work because, it is said, she had spoilt a dress a month previously.

I am aware that such preposterous unfairness is not uncommon. Your conviction should not only shame you but teach other employers of your kind a much-needed lesson.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, *Minister of Health*

DEAR SIR,—Almost incredible are the "slum office" disgraces brought to my notice.

Week after week I am told of badly lit, badly ventilated hovels, many of them overcrowded, rat-infested and without proper sanitary conveniences—perpetual dangers to the health of the blackcoats compelled to work in them.

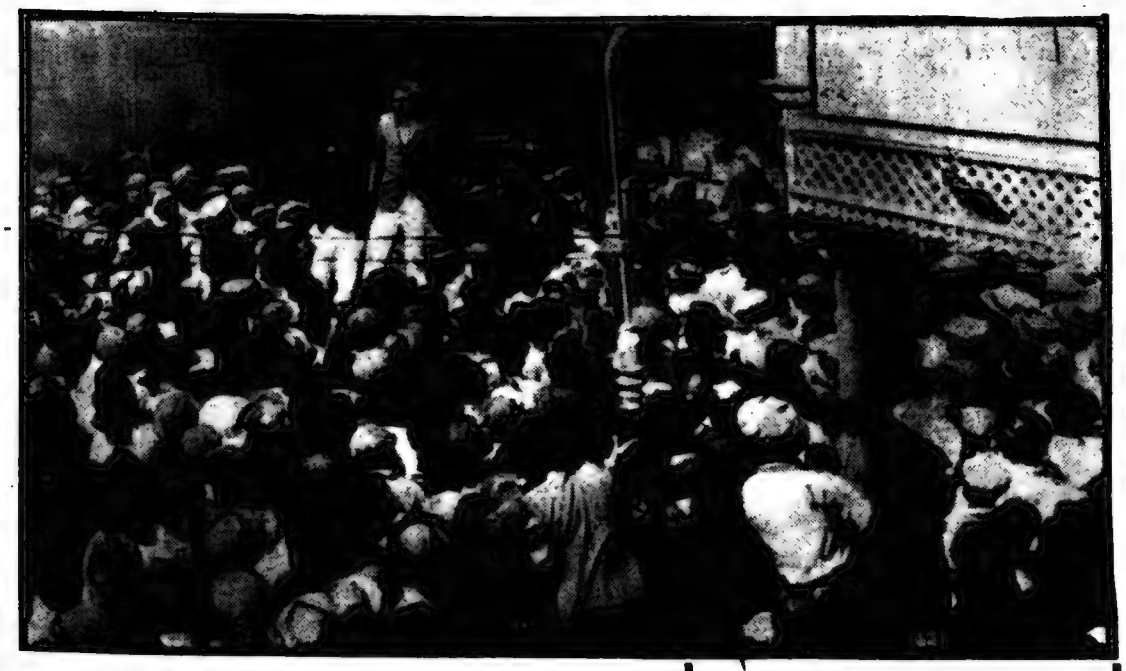
An Act passed months ago to deal with them has been left on the shelf. Now, I am glad to note, you are bringing it down and dusting it.

You are telling local authorities not merely that they must use its powers but that at the end of the year you will demand evidence of their activity.

Go on like this and you'll show yourself a real Health Minister!—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner on the World's Storm-Centre

RED LIGHT in JAMAICA



Alexander Bustamante, the labour leader in Jamaica, addresses thousands of strikers in the commercial area of Kingston

THE public will be relieved at Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's announcement to the House of Commons of the measures to be taken to deal with the scandals associated with our administration in the West Indies.

Those measures are long overdue, and it is lamentable that they should be taken only, as it were, "at the point of the bayonet."

The shameful conditions of life that prevail among the black subjects of the Crown have long been notorious.

They have repeatedly been the subject of exposure in these columns, and it is a grave reflection on our own Colonial administration that action should have been delayed until the sparks of rebellion are setting one island after another in flames.

It might have been thought that the shocking story of Trinidad, coupled with that of Barbados and other similar warnings, would have led to drastic, instant and widespread measures of alleviation; but it has needed the alarming rising in Jamaica to convince Whitehall that a thorough overhaul of the conditions of our black dependencies—not in the West Indies alone—can no longer be delayed.

The circumstances that have led to the blaze in Jamaica are familiar.

Few countries are more blessed by Nature than that sunlit and fertile island.

WITH its great natural advantages and good government it might have been expected that if Paradise could be found anywhere on earth it would be there.

Instead, the conditions of life of the mass of the people, both in town and country, are, by universal admission, shameful and barbarous.

Wages are infamously low, unemployment is rampant, the standard of housing is little better than a Kaffir kraal, more than half the population are illiterates, and, in spite of the fertility of the soil, under-nourishment is widespread.

This is the state of things in Jamaica just a hundred years after the emancipation of the slaves heralded a happier life for its people.

And this is the state of things which has brought about the riots and bloodshed of the past few weeks.

There is an attempt in some quarters to fasten the responsibility for those riots on the preachings of Communist agitators.

The same excuse was offered in the case of Trinidad, and it was as baseless there as here.

The Jamaicans have risen, not for a political theory but for the primal needs of life.

They have risen because they want food and shelter, work and wages that will keep body and soul together.

It would be monstrously unfair to attribute all the miseries of their condition to the administration. They are largely due to causes over which the administration has no control.

I will mention three of the principal causes.

The first is the collapse of the sugar industry which has in the past been the chief source of its prosperity.

NEXT the banana industry, which was the second string in the Jamaican bow, has been stricken with disease.

Thirdly, the slump in the United States has dealt Jamaica a devastating blow. It is estimated that 60,000 Jamaicans who had found employment on the mainland in the boom years have been repatriated by the Washington Government. Hence the swollen ranks of the unemployed.

But, making all allowance for their misfortunes, the case against the administration is still undeniable.

It is a case not so much of commission of wrong actions, but omission of right actions.

I can illustrate this best by comparison. I will take the case of Puerto Rico, another West Indian island in the possession of the United States.

It is only three-quarters the size of Jamaica, and it is certainly not more favoured by Nature in the fertility of its soil. Yet it maintains a population half as large again as that of Jamaica—and maintains it on an admittedly higher standard of life.

The administrative failure in Jamaica has been in two directions.

There has been a grave neglect of the business and productive potentialities of the island and of the well-being of the people.

There are vast, unrealised assets in Jamaica.

Its orange industry has been let down. It was early in the grapefruit culture, but here again it has been left behind in the race.

So with the fruit-canning industry, which has been captured by more enterprising executives.

There are vast tracts of jungle which should long ago have been converted into arable land.

The construction of necessary roads has been grossly neglected. So has irrigation, which should have brought valuable land into better cultivation.

The other direction in which the administration has failed is due to the nature of the administration itself.

It is paternal. Its centre is thousands of miles away in Whitehall. It makes no organised effort to develop the land.

STILL worse, it makes no effort to improve the quality of the people. It leaves them ignorant and subject to waves of depression the cause of which they do not understand and then takes alarm when, driven to extremity, they rebel.

Is it too much to hope that the red light in Jamaica will at last make our Administration in Whitehall realise that a drastic change in Colonial policy is due and overdue?

What is promised is good. The £500,000 land settlement scheme is good.

The Commission for Conciliation should do excellent work. The labour departments and inspectorates should do much to prevent grievances reaching the boiling-point.

But the remedies must go deeper. They must aim at preparing the people for an intelligent share in their own government.

They must provide land for all who can cultivate it, release the poorest from direct taxation, and give the franchise to all literates.

AND in industry they must give the worker the right of collective bargaining, which is his only protection against exploitation.

These things must be done as a matter of justice. But they must be done for another reason.

To-day the title of this country to its vast overseas possessions is under a more formidable challenge than ever before. If we are to meet that challenge successfully we must be able to show that our rule has the sanction of happy and contented peoples.

Let us hope that the Commission that is to be sent out to Jamaica will initiate a more enlightened rule in all our protectorates

Not from the B.B.C.

Those Bad Barrackers?

How doth the wicked barracker
Cause sporting scribes deep shame?
Quite simply, by demanding that
When cricketers go in to bat
They'll try to play the game!

So who can to the barracker
Some sympathy refuse
When, rising in his wrath sublime
'Gainst runless batsmen marking time,
At last he takes to boos!

SEVERAL high-minded cricket scribes seem to have felt so ashamed of their countrymen during a mild outburst of barracking at the first Test Match that it is surprising they did not delegate one of their number to retire to the back of the Press box and hang himself in a noose made from his old school tie, just by way of a dignified rebuke.

Being a cad by birth, I've never been greatly impressed by the noble attitudes of the scribes.

If, as we are told, the customer is always right, why, when he is a barracker, is he always wrong?

Needless to say, he isn't.

And never was he less so than when his pointed comments caused Comrade J. H. Fingleton, of the Australian Union of Stonewall Operatives, to stage a sit-down strike.

"Stage a sit-down strike"

Comrade Fingleton's action in removing his batting gloves and giving an impersonation of an Australian "squatter" is assumed to have been a protest.

But my own theory is that, having long remained at the wicket in a state of somnolence, he dreamt that the interval for drinks had arrived, and woke to find that the only "boos" available was the ringside brand.

In his defence, let it be remembered that he was taking part in a Test Match, which is quite different from a mere game of cricket, being more in the nature of a test of endurance—too often the spectator's!

It would seem, though, that some cricketers—even some accustomed to the barracking of the wild men from Woolloomooloo and Croajingolong who throng the Hill at Sydney—are sensitive souls.

If pushed too far, they may not be content merely with sitting down, but may strew themselves about the field in the attitudes favoured by horizontal heavyweights.

The "muddied oaf" who tries to loaf
Hears protests loud and high;
For "flannelled fools," though, different rules
Of etiquette apply.

Don't ever rise to criticise
A batsman at the wicket;
For, e'en in fun, this Is Not Done—
It simply isn't cricket!

Y. Z.

The 30-Second Breakfast saves them!

Saves them time, work, money — and gives them the live energy to go at top speed right through to lunch-time

HER BEST FOOT FORE-MOST! Miss A. Kirkham, dancing instructress, of Aberdeen, advises a light breakfast before the day's work. "I have no time to eat a heavy breakfast," she says, "but I must have something sustaining. That's why Kellogg's suit me down to the ground."

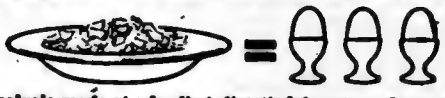
HIGH ABOVE YOUR HEAD! Mr. John Finnerty, the steeplejack, has looked down on London from the tops of many steeples. He says, "My work demands energy, and I find Kellogg's give me more of that. Besides, my wife says breakfast is half the trouble when we have Kellogg's."

IT'S caught on like wildfire — this delicious breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to serve!

And no wonder — for a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar provides more energy than 3 *boiled eggs*. The big, golden flakes need no crisping — the packet's 'Waxtite' inner wrapper keeps them fresh — ready to serve right away. And a big family packet of Kellogg's costs only 5½d. and contains 10 generous helpings.

Serve a 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning. You'll find it the most delicious, sustaining, economical, time-saving meal you ever tried. Your grocer has Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast."



An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 boiled eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

JOIN THE 30-SECOND BREAKFAST CLUB! Mothers welcome the 30-second breakfast. "It saves so much time," they say. "There's no cooking — no messy saucepan to wash up." Give *your* family Kellogg's — they'll love them!

10 BIG BREAKFASTS IN THE BIG FAMILY PACKET

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A free book which will show you how to make your cakes more delicious and which every housewife will find exceptionally useful. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE).

A special booklet which tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It's free. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE).

A trial sample of a new kind of brew. (PAGE TWENTY-SIX).

A testing sample of a hair preparation which will stimulate and awaken dormant roots. (PAGE THIRTY-ONE).

A free useful pocket (or handbag) sample tin of Indigestion tablets. (PAGE THIRTY-ONE).

How to get brilliant clean clothes by the latest washing method. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE).

Ten big breakfasts in a big family packet. (PAGE TWELVE).

Films which will give you all the brilliance and latitude for tip-top snaps. (PAGE SIXTEEN).

A Cookery Book published by the British Medical Association. (PAGE TWENTY-FOUR).

How to provide your dog with blood correctives he vitally needs at this particular time of the year. (PAGE SIXTEEN).

What wise mothers give their children for tea. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE).

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of attractive Fashions showing the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

3/- Monthly

Bognor

This handsome Costume is in the height of Fashion and unsurpassed for value. Produced in Pure West Suiting Tweed of rib weave effect with an attractive coloured flock. It is modishly cut and beautifully tailored throughout. Coat is in semi-fitting style with jetted pockets, bold revers and link-button fastening. It has a plain panel back, and is lined with plain Art. Silk Taffeta to tone. The plain Skirt has centre seam back and front terminating in inverted pleat at hem, and it is fitted with strong Peterahem waistband. The Costume is available in the following shades, each with a tastefully contrasting coloured flock: Fawn, Blue, Green. Sizes S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts 33 to 38ins.); Skirt lengths 26 to 34ins. **21/-**

Terms: 2/- monthly.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement Form and full particulars. Send per return. Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Maidens' Clothing, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

★

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

★

Big Fruit Ramp EXPOSED

THREE men have recently vacated their luxurious suite of offices in Aldwych, London, W.C.

S. A. Naar, James Petter and Henry Carlton Mendoza were the names by which they were known, and enquiries are now being made about various companies with which they were associated.

Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., is the most notorious, but the one I am concerned with at the moment is Bradmore's Orchards, Ltd., Lowsonford, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire.

At least £30,000 has been obtained from investors by the new familiar offer of units—this time £10 for ten apple-trees, pictured as laden with golden profits.

You will search the company's literature in vain for the names of the three men to whom I have referred, but they were closely associated with the whole scheme.

Slick salesmen foisted these "units" on people just as they did in the disgraceful mushrooms ramp.

The company was registered less than eighteen months ago with a capital of £100 in £1 shares, but in a few months it was increased to £10,000.

The whole of the new shares of £9,500 *fully paid* were allotted by special arrangement to Charles Naar, the chairman and managing director, for services rendered.

He is a relative of the S. A. Naar who has disappeared.

In the brochure sent to thousands of homes it was stressed that the £10 units offered ownership of trees, planted and nurtured since 1932, ready to produce a minimum guaranteed profit of 5 per cent. at once and a great deal more later.

All they have produced for investors is the dismal news that the company will be compulsorily wound up.

One of the victims is Mr. Eric H. M. Barker, of West Town, near Bristol, an eminent horticulturist who holds the National Diploma.

Believing the firm to be of good standing, he accepted the position of technical adviser at £1,000 a year and took along his own expert orchard supervisor, Mr. A. S. Pocock.

Both received very little of their salaries, and Mr. Barker is also owed a considerable sum for trees he had specially cultivated and which he sold to Bradmore's.

Pocock sold them some valuable trees of his own, too. This represents a loss to him of £150—his total savings.

Their suspicions began when they discovered, after they started work, that a man originally in charge of the orchard had been appointed by James Petter.

They remembered that a man of this name had figured in the Cucklington Mushroom ramp.

Soon excuses were coming instead of salary cheques and the promised payment for the trees these two unfortunate men had handed over.

It is time that the activities of the whole gang associated with H. C. Mendoza and S. A. Naar were stopped. There are warrants for the arrest of both these men, who fled just before Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., crashed with losses of £211,000.

'WARE THE GOLD TOUTS

IF you have gold to sell, don't deal with men who call at your door.

Complaints of many trusting people, particularly in country districts, being imposed on by these doorstep bullion merchants are reaching me. In some cases they almost convey the impression that they are Government representatives.

War is imminent, and all the spare gold must be gathered in to help on the preparations to defend ourselves. That is the tale they tell.

Trinkets, old watches, bangles and so on are grabbed at less than half the price the gold in them is worth.

Mrs. Edith Bird, who lives with her sister in a small country house near Langport, Somerset, says she was made to believe that she had practically no option but to hand over any gold she had to a man who called on her.

He did not give any name, but after the usual preamble about war and the Government being anxious to obtain all the spare gold in the country, he said he was employed to go round the country districts buying it up.

The two women were impressed, particularly when he said that he was associated with a well-known firm of gold and silver dealers at Taunton. Eventually he took away one gold watch, a gold ring and earrings, and three gold chains, for which he paid £5.

Later Mrs. Bird, on enquiry at the Taunton gold-dealing shop, found that they knew the man but that he was not connected with them in any way and had no authority to use their name. They also estimated that the goods for which he paid £5 were worth at least double that amount.

He had, they said, given the name of "H. Black."

Public Benefactor

One guinea is this week awarded to J. Mr. Walker, 71, Cambridge Street, Blackburn, for information cleverly discovered and sent to me in most concise form.

I found it extremely valuable in connection with enquiries still pending.

Tragic Widow's Plight

His award was made final on ——, 19——. An appeal could have been made within twelve months of that date . . . now it is too late.

HOW often such a notice from the Ministry of Pensions has brought bewilderment and despair to the homes of men who fought and suffered in the War.

All in accordance with regulations, no doubt, but it is none the less a scandal that there is not a more elastic and human way of dealing with these claims for renewal of pensions.

It is impossible to see the end of the trail of tragedy that is started.

* * *

The case of Mrs. Marriott, of Sharp Street, Hull, widow of an ex-sergeant in the East Yorks Regiment, is just one of the milestones in this path of shame.

Her husband was admitted by the authorities to be suffering from neurasthenia as the result of war service.

He was five times wounded and twice gassed. Disability pension was stopped in 1923.

An effort to reclaim it in 1926 met with the familiar hide-bound reply. In 1933 he committed suicide.

To-day his widow, her health rapidly crumbling under the strain, is trying to exist on Public Assistance relief of 10s. a week.

It is the urgent duty of the Government to overhaul the whole position concerning the pensions of wounded ex-Service men *and* their surviving dependents.

These pathetic cases could be avoided with just a little human insight, and at comparatively small cost.

LED by Councillors, the allotment holders you see here retook possession of gardens from which they had been ousted by the owners of the land.

Then the tables turned. The Council itself gave 114 allotment holders notice to quit their plots on the Corporation's estate.

Gilbertian, yes!—but it has happened in hard-headed Leeds.

I have received a copy of the petition signed by 100 of the men given notice to leave the Council's Buslingthorpe estate, and also the note from the Town Clerk stating that their request to remain cannot be granted.

The reason given for taking a useful and healthy recreation from these citizens is that piggeries on some of the allotments are infested with rats.

It is admitted that this is partly true, but the allotment holders contend that the chief trouble from vermin originates in the Council's garbage dump on the same plot of ground.

Not one of the 100 men who have signed the petition owns a pig-sty; they belong to the other 14 holders of plots.

If the sties are verminous the Sanitary Inspector has powers to have them demolished. This, surely, would be the fair and sensible thing to do.

Why penalise all the other gardeners; many of them have spent as much as £50 in building greenhouses.

"A matter of principle is at stake," said Alderman A. Masser, chairman of the Parks Committee, when he led other allotment holders back to their plots in Clarke's Fields a few weeks ago.

Owners of land, he declared, should not be allowed to turn people off allotments willy nilly.

Doesn't the same principle apply even more forcibly when the local Council itself attempts to do this?

BARRED FROM HIS CHILDREN

A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL committee has forbidden a father to see his children more than three times a year—because he is living with a woman who is not his wife.

The children, aged eleven and twelve, are in one of the council's homes, and the strange decision was revealed when the father, Samuel Jacobs, of Fieldgate Street, Stepney, was, at Thames Police Court, ordered to contribute to their maintenance.

Jacobs, it appears, is a deaf mute, and while there may be good grounds for placing the children in a home, all fair-minded people will be astonished, as was the magistrate, when he heard the reason for restricting the man's visits to them.

* * *

What right has this committee, or any other public body of the kind, to attempt to drive a wedge between a father and his children?

As the magistrate also pointed out, so long as Jacobs does not compel the children to meet the woman with whom he is living, what earthly reason can there be for not letting him see them as often as he pleases?

This L.C.C. committee seems to have a very narrow-minded outlook.

* * *

No doubt the question of morals does arise in certain cases, but that is no reason why there should be such obviously unfair decisions as this.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the Atlas Stores' announcement on page 34. A 160-page Catalogue will be sent free, with full Club particulars, on receipt of the coupon.

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THE BRITISH ARMY. Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay, food, clothing and accommodation free.—Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

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AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD. SHEFFIELD.

SEVENTY-FIVE vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay, £3 8s., rising to £11 per week. No experience required. For full details of entrance requirements apply B.T.I. (Dept. 681), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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Even under the toughest beard there's a tender skin. And Palmolive is kind to tender skins—its content of soothing olive oil sees to that! So more men every day are using this wonderful *olive oil* shaving cream and proving the five strong points about Palmolive—already the most popular shaving preparation there is.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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ASTHMA CONQUERED! Generous free trial samples of Dr. Singha (Brand) Tablets are offered in the announcement on page 27.

FREE to indigestion sufferers — pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write, mentioning John Bull, (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds. See page 31.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 31.

FREE.—A sample of Bole's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See p. 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CASH SAVED and ANXIETY RELIEVED. 3d. weekly for limited period provides membership of the Cremation Society (not conducted for profit), and right of FREE cremation any crematorium. Thousands already joined. Brochure free JBCA, Cremation Society, 47, Nottingham Place, London, W.1 WELbeck 6079.

HOUSEWIVES, Get a free copy of a booklet, "A Lesson in Icing Cakes." Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p 23.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 21.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered free to all John Bull readers. Every housewife ought to have a copy. Simply fill in the coupon on page 23, or write, mentioning John Bull, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 600, Hull.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who sends the coupon on page 28 with their name and address, mentioning John Bull to Newball & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer. Enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier (cont.)

Resort's Ugly SECRET

Alderman John Wheeler, Mayor of Eastbourne

WHAT ugly secret is being concealed by the Town Council of Eastbourne, famous South Coast holiday resort?

Gossip is rife. The people are baffled and disturbed by the same mysterious hush-hush policy which preceded the exposure in JOHN BULL, four years ago, of grave irregularities in the town's affairs.

I have received several letters urging me to investigate the disquieting rumours which have followed a recent private enquiry concerning one of the municipal departments.

All that has been published is a brief, unofficial statement that, at a meeting of the Town Council, called to discuss private and confidential business, the resignation of an official was accepted, and he was immediately relieved of his duties.

I will not, at this stage, mention his name. I consider it would be unfair to him until any definite charges are made public.

But the silence of the Council is unjust both to him and the townspeople.

I should have thought that, after the last unhappy experience, those elected to administer the affairs of Eastbourne would realise the folly of this silence.

* * *

Everything which affects the servants of the public should be made known frankly and fully. It is the public's right to be told.

On the previous occasion, and before JOHN BULL brought the matter into the open, scandals were known to exist.

There had been abuses over contracts. Partial enquiries had been held, but the truth had been hushed up. The townspeople were exasperated.

The same feeling exists now, and rumour is piling higher every day. Visitors are joining residents in speculation of what is behind the mystery.

Surely it must be realised that discussions of this kind can do the town no good.

* * *

From enquiries I have made I can state that the case discussed at the Council's private meeting, and which led to the resignation of an official, is at the moment before the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Also that it concerns the town's contracts in connection with Air Raid Precautions.

Neither of these facts need prevent the Corporation from issuing a straightforward explanation of what has happened.

Homes of Peril

ASTONISHING facts have been brought to my notice about the alarming subsidences in East Plumstead, London.

They were not revealed at the inquest on a labourer who was killed in the last collapse, and residents will not be satisfied with anything less than a public enquiry by the Ministry of Health.

Meanwhile, many people are still in daily dread that their homes may be engulfed.

Two vital questions which need to be answered are—what authority was responsible for allowing these houses to be built, and whether it knew of the grave risk of subsidence before permission was given for them to be erected?

It was apparently known in 1924, according to a minute of the Woolwich Borough Council proceedings in July that year.

This indicates that the owners of the property agreed to give the council an indemnity against subsidence if they took over Alliance Road, along which the houses were built.

Reference was also made to subterranean workings in the area.

Even as far back as the war days a great hole opened up in London Passenger Transport garage, King's Highway, a stone's-throw from the spot where the labourer, Samuel Gardner, recently lost his life.

An omnibus was swallowed up then.

Children were at play when there was another big subsidence in Rockcliffe Gardens, again in the same area, in September, 1937. They were rushed to safety just in time. Swings on which they had been playing crashed into the cavity.

Samuel Gardner

Nine months later a perambulator disappeared when a back garden in Alliance Road fell in. A baby had been taken from it only a few minutes before!

Assurances, repeated at the inquest on Samuel Gardner, that the council is doing everything in its power to make the area safe, have not allayed the fears of the people living there.

I am not surprised at this, and I most certainly support the demand of the East Plumstead Residents' Association for a full enquiry.

SHE CHEATS THE POOR

NUMBERS of poor people in Belfast have been victimised by a heartless woman who is probably over here now carrying on the same mean fraud.

Well-educated, rather stout, with round face and soulful dark eyes, she called herself Miss Maguire.

Lonely and elderly women with slender means found her on their doorsteps brimming over with anxiety to help them in some misfortune they had met with.

She had a remarkably detailed knowledge of their troubles. "I have been sent by the Lord to help you," she said.

Then the same miserable deceit in each case.

"Your prayers have been answered . . . you have won £20 in a simple competition."

A coupon is produced. "You must let me have a little commission and then I will bring the money to you."

Sums varying from £3 to as much as £15, often carefully saved for rent, were handed over and the "messenger from heaven" vanished.

One woman was so overcome with shock and worry that she has since died.

The Belfast police, who have been searching for this despicable thief, believe she has crossed to England.

If she tries it on you, hand her over to the police at once.

MADAME BETTY'S BAIT

WHO is Madame Betty?

Many people who have replied to her advertisements have received gushing letters headed 113A, Bramfield Road, London, S.W.11, and offering happiness and romance—for 10s.

Usual bait of the matrimonial agent which is familiar enough, but the strange thing is that one of my investigators not only failed to find Madame Betty but also could not trace any such number as 113A in Bramfield Road.

The postman, he discovered, has instructions to deliver all letters addressed to this number at 48, Webbs Road, which is just round the corner, and is the office of H. H. D. Regan, described as an estate agent.

It was H. H. D. Regan who ran the Unity Club, against which JOHN BULL warned readers about eighteen months ago. When my investigator called at 48, Webbs Road, the premises were locked.

On the door was a notice directing callers to 148, Northcote Road, near by. This is a house-agent's shop bearing the name Regan and Co.

A man who appeared when the manager was asked for stated, rather hesitantly, that he was not Mr. Regan.

"Could I see Madame Betty?" my representative asked. The manager grinned.

"That would be *very* difficult," he said. Some other time, perhaps? No, he was afraid there would not be much chance of seeing her *at any time*.

He did, however, offer the information that more than 500 letters addressed to Madame Betty were received each day.

If people were sensible there would not be a single letter for Madame Betty or whoever uses the name.

Public Enemy

"His Imperial Highness Prince Yusuf," whom you see above, is an impostor who lives by his wits and induces people to lend him money, or invest in his bubble schemes.

Boasts he is a confidant of Haile Selassie, exiled Ethiopian Emperor. Embassy here knows nothing of rank he claims and refuses to have anything to do with him.

Some people have advanced him money in the belief that he has a plan to smuggle gold and other riches out of Abyssinia. Many of those deceived are poor.

One woman, at whose home the "Prince" and his wife stayed for some months, is owed £50. She came to me for advice last week.

Recently as plain "Mr. Shashu"—his incognito, he said—this man has been extolling a slimming cure with herbs supposed to come from Africa.

He was deported from Japan.

Literary Rogues Trick Author

MR. R. STANFORD-SMITH, an official of a Bombay steamship company, wrote a book entitled "In Retrospect." There were 75,000 words.

That was before he heard of Mr. John Penn, literary agent, and Richard Denby and Co., supposed publishers, of London. Had he known of them before he finished his book there would have been at least another 25,000 burning words on rogues.

As it is the hopeful author's manuscript and £60 he paid as advance publication fee have vanished. So have John Penn and Richard Denby and Co.

More and more aspiring authors are being tricked in this way.

Men who have not the slightest qualification to set themselves up a literary agents advertise for manuscripts of novels and short stories.

The writers are buoyed up with rosy promises, and when they have parted with the advance fee always requested, they hear nothing more, or at best are kept hanging on with excuse after excuse.

When Mr. Stanford-Smith forwarded his £60 he was told by a man calling himself John Penn that Richard Denby and Co. had undertaken to publish 2,000 copies of his book at 7s. 6d. each.

Shortly afterwards he received an urgent letter saying that one of the company's representatives was taking his book to America to arrange for publication there also.

Would he cable ten guineas for incidental expenses!

Address used by Penn was in Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, and Denby and Co. have had fleeting existences at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, and Ludgate Hill.

Penn left his address owing six weeks' rent, and since then many people who have paid him fees have called there

A 'plus' dog never suffers the torment of scratching

NO SUMMER AILMENTS NOW

"For three summers," writes Miss A. W. of Kingsbridge, "my dog was tormented by scratching, and scratched herself raw. This year I started giving her Bob Martin's. She soon stopped scratching and now she has a beautiful new coat. She has her Bob Martin's every morning, and to see her romping in the garden now, you'd never think she used to hate hot weather."

DOGS SCRATCH IN SUMMER more than at any other time. But when you see your dog miserable from scratching, don't blame the heat. The trouble is caused by impurities in your dog's blood, which have set up an intense irritation under his skin. In warm weather these impurities are aggravated, and more serious blood disorders, such as loss of coat, bare patches and even eczema may quickly follow.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring because there are *no pores in his skin.* Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

PLUS DOGS NEVER SCRATCH

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog never scratches, never has a shabby coat. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A PLUS DOG

'One Bob Martin's once a day' will bring a sparkle to his eye, and the bloom of health to his coat. He'll be a 'plus' dog and a demon for his exercise! And if you, too, find yourself feeling fitter . . . well, plus dog health spreads!

DANGER MONTHS FOR DOGS

All dogs are subject to overheating on warm days. If your dog is out of condition, this sudden overheating will aggravate the impurities which have collected in his blood. Before you can act he may go down with one or other of the blood disorders so many dogs suffer in summer.

Prevent hot weather risks! Put your dog right now with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full directions in every packet), and then keep him a plus dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In packets, 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists, dog-food shops, etc.

to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

No need to wait for the sun these holidays because Selo shines even when the sun doesn't. Selo films★ will give you all the brilliance and latitude you need for tip-top snaps. So go straight away, get a film—and say Selo for snaps' sake!

For every make and size of camera

SELO FILMS

★
SELO-ORTHO—the fast roll film for all-round snapshotting; marvellous latitude to overcome exposure errors.
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These Stories Will Stagger You

We printed recently a page exposing some of the worst examples of official craziness ever unearthed by "John Bull's" corps of investigators.

We thought then that we had found the red tape mind at its worst. But we were wrong.

Here are some even more staring examples of bureaucratic idiocy . . . . every one of them will make you exclaim—

FROM the corners of Britain come heartbreaking reports of the great rates "squeeze."

Councils are showing neither clemency nor compassion in their drive for money.

No time is allowed to pay; offers to pay by instalments are refused.

"Sell them up" is the order. Bailiffs and brokers' men have never been busier. Sale rooms are glutted.

The authorities of Worthing, Sussex, are positively mail-fisted in their tactics.

Most of the ratepayers there depend on holiday business, but their appeals for grace until the season advances are ignored.

There has been a blizzard of distress warrants, but seizure of people's homes and goods has not been fast enough for Worthing councillors.

The local bailiffs, knowing the circumstances of the townsfolk, are inclined to be sympathetic and prefer to collect rates over a period instead of denuding homes.

So it is proposed to bring in bailiffs from outside.

They *could get plenty* from Brighton, eleven miles away. But that is too near. They plan to employ a squad of them from Eastbourne—thirty miles distant—on the theory that the farther they come, the more drastic they will be.

New trick

The Department of Customs and Excise is responsible for the legal discipline of professional moneylenders. It must take action to defeat a new and nasty trick being played by usurers.

Numbers of them have extended their businesses by entering the hire-purchase field.

They send out agents to canvass housewives for the sale of jewellery and other goods on the instalment system.

First payment demanded is so large that prospective clients are unable to afford it.

The tout then reveals that the firm he represents is also a moneylending one, and he offers to make an advance on the spot—substantial enough to cover the deposit and also leave the borrower with some money in hand.

When an agreement to repay with heavy interest is signed, the housewife is given two cards. One is for the discharge of the loan and the other for payment of instalments.

The agreement is so framed that refund of the loan and interest is completed long before the hire-purchase contract can be carried out. Then the customers are persuaded to borrow again—on oppressive terms.

These operations are offences against the Moneylenders Act.

Tragic monopoly

Tragic and fantastic are the consequences of the jealousy with which the Ministry of Labour seeks to establish a monopoly in the supply of workers.

This week the principal of one of the best-known licensed typewriting and secretarial agencies in the City of London received an urgent request to supply three girl typists for holiday relief work at a wage of 55s., plus insurance contributions.

The agency could not provide them. It asked the Ministry of Labour if it had any unemployed shorthand typists on its books.

The reply was that it had many of them.

But the Ministry refused to supply candidates for the three good jobs.

It said it could not fill situations offered through the channel of private employment agencies, however high their standing.

So three typists who could have had good jobs are still in the dole queue.

Industrial snapshot

Here is a snapshot of the State's industrial recruiting machine at work.

Mr. Kenneth Fletcher, of Nelson Street, Peterborough, an ex-Service N.C.O., is an unemployed engineer's storekeeper and clerk.

After hearing a radio appeal by Sir Thomas Inskip for trained workers, he wrote to the Defence Department asking if his experience and ability could be used to advantage.

His letter was sent to the War Office and, a month later, the Director of Factories informed him that all vacancies must be filled through the employment exchanges.

So he applied to the Ministry of Labour, and was told his case had been referred to a Divisional Controller. From that official nothing was heard, but Mr. Fletcher was summoned to a local employment exchange.

There he had his knuckles rapped for daring to communicate direct with a Minister of the Crown.

Next, Mr. Fletcher heard from the Home Office. He received a form to fill in details of his life and was told that vacancies for warehousemen existed in Government establishments at various places.

An interview with the officer in charge of depots at Coventry was then required, and from there all the documents were sent back to the Home Office.

Four Government departments and a platoon of officials have been dealing with one simple application for work. Quantities of stationery have been used up. Weeks have passed.

Mr. Fletcher still cannot get a decision one way or the other.

She found out

Officials in charge of Air Raid Precautions complain that criticism of their work is ill-informed.

Miss Florence Kenyon, a State-registered nurse, of Tarbert Road, East Dulwich, decided to find out for herself.

She enrolled for a course of training in gas defence at Camberwell, one of the boroughs most advanced in A.R.P.

She has attended seven lectures, but so far neither she nor any other volunteer has been allowed to handle a gas-mask!

They are told that, although sufficient masks have been produced for the whole population of Britain, none has been supplied to A.R.P. volunteers so that they can become familiar with them.

Instruction, Miss Kenyon states, is theoretical from start to finish. Gases have to be identified even in theory—by description of their smells.

Phosgene gas, the volunteers were told, would be recognised by the similarity of its odour to musty hay—but the lecturers were silent when asked how town dwellers could be expected to know that particular smell.

Nurse Kenyon will present her challenging evidence to the Home Secretary.

Whittling down

Completely unjustified are some of the newer methods used by public assistance authorities to whittle down payments to people distressed by unemployment or industrial disputes.

There has been a strike at the big Bermondsey factory of British Glue and Chemicals, Ltd., the largest undertaking of its kind in the country.

Without consulting their trade union, the workers came out in the belief that a woman was dismissed for her union activities.

Now most of them are locked out. The employers demand that they resign from their union.

And so these men and women and their families are dependent on public assistance. Their plight is serious.

From a fund organised by Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P., and the Bermondsey Labour Party, the almost starving households have been given a ration of bread.

For that small charity the public assistance committee, acting on instructions from Whitehall, will deprive the poor people of half a crown a week—nearly 16 per cent. of their relief.

Idle sleuths

Employers are loyally observing the new laws prohibiting work for children out of school hours.

As a result, the sleuths engaged by local authorities find themselves idle, and are going to absurd lengths to enforce the regulations.

Mr. John Stevens, a greengrocer, of Wardley Street, Wandsworth, S.W., is seriously ill. His small business depends on supplying vegetables to customers at their homes and he uses a pony cart.

While father has been in bed, Edwin, his seventeen-year-old son, has taken out the cart.

The other Saturday, twelve-year-old Teddy Stevens, home from school with nothing to do, took a ride with his brother. On the round he delivered a parcel of potatoes.

The boy was "caught in the act" by an inspector and the Wimbledon Council has prosecuted Edwin for "employing" his young brother!

While the two boys were at the police court, their mother had to go out with the cart!

When Professional Men Go Wrong

They Must Stand Their "Trial" Before—

COURTS *of the* CLOSED DOOR

SITTING behind closed doors, private courts of discipline rule the great professions.

Doctors, lawyers, dentists, architects, accountants, surveyors—even clergymen—have their tribunals for dealing with alleged offences against inflexible codes of honour.

Recently, a Nonconformist pastor was dispossessed of his ministry in the Home Counties by one such secret "court."

Although this young preacher may have the wholehearted support of his congregation, he can do nothing to oppose the decision.

It is so in all professions.

Sentence of the court allows no appeal. It is a sentence for life, outlawing a man from the career to which he has been trained from youth.

In this lies the weakness of the professional courts, although, without question, they try to steer their difficult course by the compass of good intention, and their aim is to protect the public.

Struck Off

Their secrecy, too, is a weakness, for those closed doors shut out the ventilation of good publicity.

Come behind the scenes of the most famous Courts of the Closed Doors. . .

The normal flow of visitors to No. 44, Hallam Street, London, W.1, is small. Occasional callers come and go.

But twice a year No. 44 is the centre of activity.

Distinguished doctors and surgeons climb the shallow marble steps. They file into a spacious oak-panelled room, and settle themselves into the heavy chairs surrounding a high table.

For these men are the thirty-nine members of the General Medical Council. Their duty is to diagnose not disease but delinquency. Their desire is to protect the reputation of their profession.

Members of the G.M.C. do not sentence an erring doctor in the normal, accepted sense. They have merely to agree whether or not a doctor's name shall be removed from the Medical Register.

Struck off the Register. That to a doctor means disaster.

Just eighty years ago an Act of Parliament constituted the General Medical Council of Medical Education and Registration.

Career at Stake

Only men of certain qualifications can be on the Register, and registration gives privileges, and enforces exact duties.

It is only a registered medical man who can sue in the civil courts for unpaid fees.

No medical practitioner, unless he is registered, can give a certificate of death.

There are, of course, hundreds of *unregistered* men who practise forms of medical treatment.

Yet none has any legal medical standing or protection. In essence, they are quacks.

Registered doctors will not co-operate with them. They cannot prescribe medicines listed under the Dangerous Drug Acts. It does not matter what degrees or training they may have. They are beyond the pale.

So it is easy to understand what "Struck off the Register" means to a doctor. Those four words demolish his whole life.

Now watch the General Medical Council in session.

Under a fine stained-glass window, Sir Norman Walker, the President, sits in judgment on men of his own profession.

Usually the defendant is represented by a lawyer, but sometimes he pleads his own cause.

From a far corner of England a slim young doctor comes to explain a piece of dangerous foolhardiness.

When certain patients wanted to be transferred to his practice, it was first necessary to have their panel cards signed by their original doctor.

This, he had found, sometimes involved delays and complications.

To avoid these, he wrote in the name himself. The civil court fined him £25 for that offence.

Now, in grave committee, the Council debates his explanation.

There has been no intentional wrongdoing. It is an act of folly. In the balance lies the career of a popular practitioner.

After private deliberation, the President delivers the verdict—charge proved.

His words seem to hang in the air. A momentary pause . . . then relief floods the room.

The Council has decided to postpone sentence for two years. In that time the young doctor can redeem his character.

Price of Folly

Next case. . . .

After sixteen years' practice in southern England, a rubicund, elderly doctor finds himself accused of infamous conduct.

His patient, a married woman, was pretty. He took advantage of his position to make love to her. Vainly he pleads that she invited his attentions.

In the eyes of the Council there is no excuse. His lawyer's carefully built-up defence is useless.

The doctor's face pales. He senses what the verdict will be. Struck off the Register. His life, his career is shattered—the price of a mad moment.

Those are typical G.M.C. cases. The twice-yearly calendar of indictment contains many of the same kind—all alleged offences against medical etiquette or good conduct.

Whenever a registered practitioner appears in the public courts—even though the charge is no more than a driving offence—records of the proceedings find their way to the Council.

Then, according to the gravity of the matter, the machine acts.

It is impossible for a doctor to err seriously and escape his professional court.

Divorce as a guilty party means immediate enquiry.

Working in collaboration with the General Medical Council is the Dental Board of the United Kingdom.

Its court room is also at No. 44, Hallam Street. Should a dentist be found guilty of any professional misdemeanour, he is referred to the General Medical Council, which passes sentence.

The most common offence committed by dentists is wrongfully obtaining fees under the National Health Insurance scheme.

Not long ago five dentists suffered professional excommunication. One of them had practised for fifteen years in a poverty-stricken district of South Wales.

He was handicapped by deafness and he was blind in one eye. But, on the facts revealed, the General Medical Council decided he could no longer continue as a registered dentist.

Desperate, he flouted the sentence of his profession and kept on practising. He was summoned to appear at the local police court.

There his solicitor pleaded, "Must this man turn away work? Must he see his three children starve, or be supported by public charity?"

But the dentist was fined. Since then scores of poor people have signed a petition for his reinstatement as a registered dentist. He was their "Good Samaritan," they said.

Their plea has not yet been answered. Such is the type of human drama that so often faces the General Medical Council.

If the inflexible rules governing professional conduct are broken, then the man who errs must suffer.

There is no half-way line. Sympathy cannot count; previous good record has no argument.

The rule is defined and it must not be broken.

And the rule is for the benefit of the general public.

One of the few pictures in existence of the General Medical Council in session

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Sometimes young dentists work in secret for advertising clinics.

They take the jobs because they need the money, but by doing so they infringe the ethics of their profession.

Consequently they are liable to have their professional registration withdrawn.

Hard discipline, but the professions believe that it is the only way to fight evil.

Secret Doors

Accountants are in a strange position. Britain produces the finest in the world, and that reputation can always be commercialised abroad.

For abuse of professional position — wilfully certifying incorrect accounts, or alliance with dishonest companies—an accountant may be indicted before his colleagues.

The Disciplinary Committee of the Incorporated Accountants meets in a fine old room overlooking the Thames Embankment.

It is a spacious place, panelled in satinwood, and each panel carries a different design.

Fitted in the panelling is a concealed door which is opened by pressing a small piece of carving.

Secret doors seem to have attracted the first Lord Astor, who built the house at a cost of £250,000.

Originally the Council Chamber was his library.

It still retains the atmosphere of a library, but to-day, instead of the aristocrat savouring his treasured books, a stern committee periodically sits in judgment on some erring accountant.

Whenever news of a member's alleged misconduct reaches the Disciplinary Committee, the secretary writes to him setting out the accusations.

He can then give any explanation he thinks necessary in person, or in writing, or he can appoint a legal representative.

Should the Committee decide that the explanation is unsatisfactory, it draws up a report for the Council, which may recommend censure, suspension or even exclusion from the Society. When an accused accountant is summoned for cross-examination the scene is impressive.

With the light pouring through mullioned windows, he stands before ten grave men, who quietly review the case against him.

Proceedings are clear and concise. He soon knows whether he has lost that invaluable hall-mark of the Incorporated Accountant.

"We regret that in the circumstances we have no alternative but to . . ."

The measured voice goes steadily on, slowly severing the connection of this individual with the Society.

Solicitors have their private court room at No. 60, Carey Street, W.C.2.

Outwardly there is nothing to mark this plain brick building with its green shutters and brass knocker as the Old Bailey of the Law.

Yet periodically some unfortunate solicitor passes through that green door to fight for his career.

Complaints are made in standard form. The aggrieved client sets down details in an affidavit. That statement is carefully examined by the Disciplinary Committee.

They decide whether or not the case is sound.

If so, then, a few weeks later, a small body of leading solicitors assemble at No. 60.

Pleaders for prosecution and defence take their places before the "bench." Above rises a central dome, supported by four white pillars.

Behind the adjudicators hangs a great wooden crest, symbol of a thousand yesterdays of English justice.

Cheated Clients

Silence! The clerk of the court announces names in the case.

Quietly, the charges are analysed. There is very little oratory. Perhaps a gleam of wit here and there, but no breath of humour.

These men are very conscious that they are trying one of their own kind.

Generally, the judges make no pronouncement, but the accused solicitor, watching carefully, has a shrewd idea which way they incline.

Their decision is printed later.

Edmond O'Connor, the absconding solicitor of Chancery Lane, now in prison, was called before the Law Society court, but did not appear. He was in hiding.

Like all other solicitors who have defrauded clients, O'Connor was disbarred from acting again as the principal of a legal firm.

Conviction of a solicitor in the criminal courts is automatically followed by the erasure of his name from the professional roll.

But there are many solicitors who have been outlawed by their profession because of conduct which has overstepped the line of rectitude—although the offence does not entail police court action.

Estate agents, architects and surveyors also have professional codes of conduct which must be observed.

Infringement means report to a special committee, and, if serious, removal from membership of the professional associations.

The Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute works from impressive offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Royal Institute of British Architects has its home in Portland Place.

Several of the ancient City of London companies and guilds have their disciplinary courts, too.

For example, the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers and Perfumers.

Dressed Like Monks

On certain days the Council of the Guild meets in conclave.

Members, heavily gowned after the style of medieval monks, take seats before their Worshipful Master.

The dimly lit, vaulted room, with its carved high-backed chairs and ponderously framed portraits, suggests a London of the Middle Ages.

Solemnly and with dignity the members debate or yield to the advice of their Worshipful Master. For the craft must be maintained without blemish in the eyes of the general public.

And so, year in, year out, the Courts of the Closed Doors carry on their work, striving to protect with justice the good name of their professions.

Did you have delicious "PUFFED" WHEAT for breakfast too?

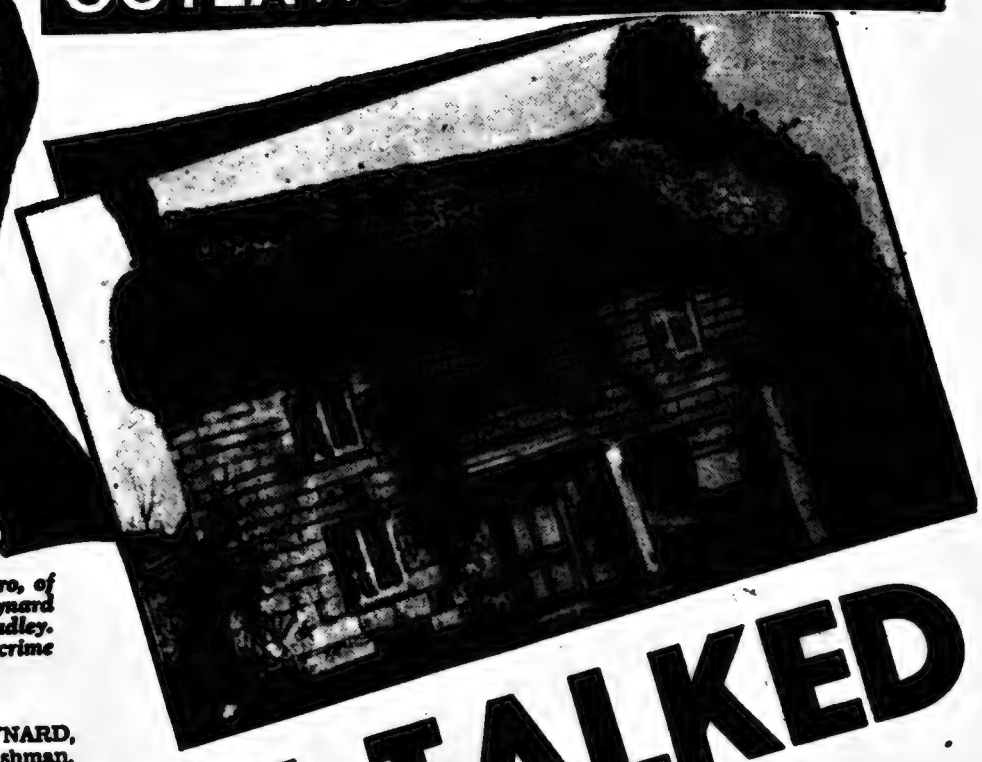
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of "Heidi," a 20th Century-Fox Production

That question pops out whenever Shirley sees someone as full of life and fun as she is. "Puffed" Wheat, her favourite cereal, gives her lots of quick food energy because it's "shot from guns." Each tiny grain of nourishing wheat is exploded to eight times its normal size. That makes it specially easy to digest, and delicious to eat. Try it. It's ready-to-serve. Ask your grocer for "Puffed" Wheat today.

P. 188

OUTLAWS ON THE RUN



Chief Detective-Inspector Prothero, of Scotland Yard, who charged Maynard with the murder of "Miser" Roadley. (Right) The cottage where the crime was committed

HE TALKED

WILLIAM JOHN MAYNARD, the lithe young Cornishman, who lived by rabbit-trapping, walked into the little general shop with an unexpected demand.

He bought up all the London morning newspapers, and the Plymouth daily as well.

"I want to read about the murder," said Maynard, "and I want you to keep all these papers for me each morning. I'll call for them."

Not often the shopkeeper had an order like that. His average sale was a bare half-dozen papers.

He watched Maynard stride away, carrying the papers under his arm. He didn't go far, just down the side lane, where he planked himself against a gate and began to read.

"Well, if *he* is as interested as that, and can't wait to get home before he starts reading, others will be interested, too," said the shopkeeper to himself, making a note to increase his order for newspapers.

Lived as Recluse

Naturally, the murder was a first-class sensation in the Bude district.

Old "Miser" Roadley had been found beaten to death in the living-room of his tumbledown cottage with the thatched roof and boarded windows at Titson.

A strange character Richard Francis Roadley, lord of a Lincolnshire manor, who chose to live as a recluse.

The popular idea was that Roadley hoarded his money and kept the treasure hidden somewhere in his home. Motive for the murder lay in that belief.

The night before Roadley's body was discovered a light was seen flickering behind the bedroom windows of the cottage.

It must have been the light used by the murderer searching through a clutter of relics and rubbish for "miser's gold."

Horrible to think that, while honest village folk were standing outside the cottage, the murderer was at work inside, while poor old Roadley, who never harmed a soul, lay dead.

Yes, and good to know that Scotland Yard was on the spot. The Cornish police had asked for help from London.

Chief Detective-Inspector Prothero had answered the call with a good-looking sergeant named "Archie" Sprackling.

"These London chaps will catch the murderer, for sure," said local opinion confidently. "'Twill be a rare fine hunt, no doubt."

Going that evening to the local public-house, William Maynard, the rabbit-trapper, listened with quiet attention to all the conversation about what the police were doing.

"I hear as how they are going to find out what all of us were doing on night of the murder," declared one grizzled farmer. "They be cumming round to see thee all."

Which made Maynard leave the inn quickly and return to his little shack.

He told his wife he was going to the woods to set snares, but, instead, crept out to a place where a thick holly tree stood against a deep pool.

There he dug feverishly. In the hole he hid a tin box, the contents of which rattled and jingled, and an electric torch.

Better to have those out of the way if the detectives from London were going to call.

One never knew what those London "coppers" might do to a country chap who was so often out at nights—on business.

Yet he, "Bill" Maynard, was clever. Look how he could catch the wild things of the woods. If he was such a cunning hunter, he could elude the hunt. He was crafty.

Motor Bandits

Look how he had made certain of getting all the newspapers each day. So the reports would tell him what the police were planning.

A good idea also to go to the public-houses and hear what people were saying. He had learned something that evening. That was why he hid the tin box.

Next day, when Maynard read his papers, he found news which made him raise a laugh to the winter sky.

It was now thought the murder had been committed by motor bandits, and there was a statement about a light blue car having been seen outside old Roadley's cottage *on the night of the crime.*

The police were seeking the car, and they thought the murderers were miles away.

Over his drink that evening Maynard talked about nothing else except the missing car, and the smartness of the police in linking it with the crime.

"You mark my words," he said to the well-filled bar, "Scotland Yard don't make mistakes. Those strangers murdered old Roadley. Scotland Yard will find them and hang them."

When a villager suggested that the motorists might be very ordinary tourists, Maynard turned on him with ridicule.

"Likely tourists at this time of the year. I suppose you know better than Scotland Yard."

Days passed with the man-hunt driving forward. The idea of a motor bandit crime was dropped. The detectives, said the papers, were rounding up tramps.

Maynard visited all the local inns listening to the gossip.

If customers did not talk about the murder, Maynard would ask them what they thought the police were doing. His interest in the detectives became bar-room comment.

False Trail

"Scotland Yard were up your way this day, Bill Maynard," one fellow told him.

That came as a bit of a shock, making his hand shake as he raised a glass.

Supposing they went to his house when he was not there, and searched!

Fear grew at that thought until it held him by the throat . . . like a rope, a hangman's rope.

Thereafter he spent most days watching the approach to his house. He lay behind a sheltering hillock where, unseen, he could observe all who came along the path from the high road.

Schemes turned in his mind. Would it pay if he bolted to a hide-out in a great city?

No, that must wait until he knew more of what the police knew.

Really they could know nothing much *yet.* Better—if they questioned him—to lead them on a false trail.

Lay the blame on someone else—that was the answer. Why not on Tom Harris, the poacher? He would never be able to prove where he was on *any night.*

William Maynard worked out his scheme as he watched for the police.

Two strangers walked up the path to Maynard's cottage.

Seeing a detective in every stranger, Maynard ran from his hillock observation post to meet them.

"I know what you have come about,"

What's Yours?

	I	N	T

One more letter is required in the blank space above to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "One can expect to get this from a friendly neighbour's garden."

What is your selection? As soon as you have settled this little problem, turn to page 32. By finding common-sense Answers to the complete Clues for this week's JOHN BULL *Crossword you can win a Life Pension, big cheque, and glorious Free Family Holiday.*

No. 5—BY STANLEY BISHOP

When old "Miser" Roadley was found battered to death in his cottage near Bude, Cornwall, his murderer laughed at the police. He lived by hunting wild things, knew every trick of the hunt. Therefore he would go scot-free. For a time he lived among his pursuers unsuspected. Then fear gripped him . . . loosened his tongue . . .

TOO MUCH!

he gasped. "It's the Titson murder. If I'd done it I go hang myself."

Both strangers looked at Maynard with surprise. For they were reporters, calling at the cottage to ask the way.

Explaining who they were, they began to question him.

Maynard, agitated, pale-faced, rambled on with inconsequential assertions that he knew nothing of the murder.

Set Free

"This man protests too much," the reporters agreed. Together they went to a detective. Maynard rambled back to his hillock; puzzled, fearful.

An inner voice whispered, "They were *not* reporters. They were detectives, but you have deceived them."

Could he believe the inner voice? He must get his story more exact and detailed. Poacher Tom Harris could never disprove it.

Soon a car was at the cottage gate. This time there was no doubt. The callers were police. "We want you to accompany us to the police station," they said.

Maynard decided to be brazen.

"Only too willing to help the police. I liked old hermit Roadley.

"Tom Harris, the poacher, is the man you want to catch. He asked me to help to rob old Roadley."

With this and that detail of the murder night, Maynard made a statement incriminating Tom Harris as far as glib lying could do.

Striding homeward through the darkness, Maynard wanted to shout in joyous relief.

They had let him go free. Those Scotland Yard men were not so clever, after all. He had managed it.

Next day it was rumoured that the police had taken Tom Harris and were holding him.

"I hear they have got Tom Harris," said Maynard to a bar parlour crowd. "Just fancy that. They are clever, those Scotland Yard chaps."

Finger-Prints!

Then the truth became known.

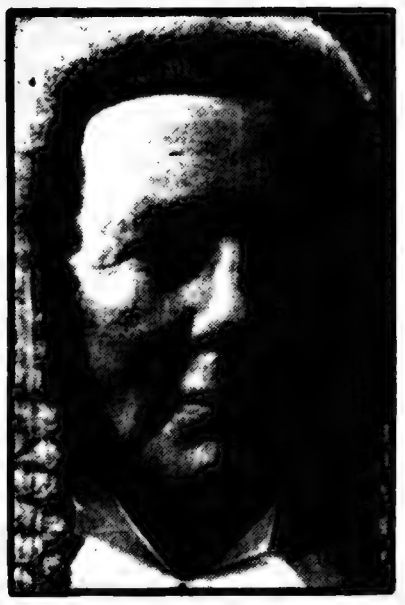
Tom Harris had been allowed to go, for the police were satisfied he could have had no hand in the killing of old Roadley.

All they wanted from Harris was information about the *real murderer*.

Before he went to his favourite public-house that evening Maynard called at a chemist's shop.

"Please give me something for the nerves," he asked. "Something extra strong. My nerves are funny, and I can't sleep."

At the public-house he ordered double whiskies—one after the other. Folks there were saying that soon the police would make an arrest. Their case was nearly complete.



The late Mr. Justice Swift, who sentenced Maynard to death

Serving Maynard with his drinks was a new barman. And Maynard noticed that each drink he bought was given him in a clean and highly polished glass.

The barman held each glass with a clean cloth as he filled it.

Each glass, after being used, was picked up with the cloth and placed carefully on a side shelf.

Curious that business of a clean glass every time.

Looking again, Maynard decided that the new barman must be a detective from Scotland Yard.

A flash of realisation—finger-prints. They wanted his finger-prints. Nothing better for finger-prints than clean glass

How foolish he had been. He stumbled from the bar.

Even with draughts of nerve sedative, Maynard did not sleep that night. He crouched behind the barred door of his cottage—listening for the crunch of footsteps on the gravel path.

He had better get right away.

In the morning he would make for Bude and take a train to London. A man could always hide in a city.

On the hurried walk to Bude he chose the unfrequented way across the golf links.

Although it was so early, there were two golfers standing at the point he must pass.

Were they golfers—out so early? They might be detectives.

He was sure they *were* detectives. They were drawing closer. They would not allow him to escape, even into Bude.

Best go back home again—run back home faster and faster—hide behind the friendly hillock and watch. . . .

From the hillock he could see when they came for him.

The police car drew up at the pathway to the cottage. Four men got out, and Maynard, drawn by an impulse he could not master, went to meet them.

He was face to face with Chief Detective-Inspector Prothero, of Scotland Yard.

Trapped

"Maynard," said Prothero, "we want you to show us the place where the articles you say Tom Harris stole from Mr. Roadley are buried. Take us there at once."

It was a trap, he was sure of that. They knew now that *he* had hidden the stolen property; that his finger-prints were all over the furniture in old Roadley's house.

But there was a way out of the trap. He would take it.

"Come, I'll show you where the things are," he said, but then his knees gave way.

He fell groaning, collapsed unconscious.

Did they believe he was unconscious? Apparently, for they carried him to the police car.

At the police station a doctor was called He made examination and said, "This man is shamming." A second doctor gave the same decision.

He would show them the doctors were wrong. He would not move or make a sound.

His pretence continued at the police court, where he was carried on a mattress to appear before the magistrates.

Only when the magistrates remanded him to prison did he decide that shamming was no more use.

Then his recovery was as sudden and as surprising as his collapse.

Soon he was standing before the late Mr. Justice Swift, listening to the death sentence.

In Exeter Jail, at eight o'clock on a summer morning, they hanged William John Maynard—the man convicted of murder by his conscience and his lies.

Next week:

The Greatest Hunt Ever

RACE WITH SILVER RING

SANDOWN SELECTIONS

NEXT big event is the Eclipse Stakes and, as the Sandown Park event does not take place until July 16, there is time for a little stocktaking.

Often we have had to talk about a black Ascot, but after the recent Royal meeting I think a lot of layers were licking their wounds. "Skinners" for the books were few and far between.

Frawn won the Ascot Stakes so readily that we shall have to make a note of him for the Cesarewitch. He stays for ever.

Dubonnet was unlucky in the Vase and will come up shortly.

Owenstown ran a good race in the Churchill Stakes and Phakos, fourth in the Hunt Cup, was rather unlucky not to be in the money.

Knight's Armour is another to note. Very speedy, he will go on scoring.

Best wagers at Sandown Park this week-end may be Phakos, in the Arthur Loraine Handicap, and Agincourt, in the "Wellington."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 23, to Wednesday, June 29.

X	Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	S	R	P	O	98	T	F	U
97	L	H	J	I	95	E	D	K	V	W	A	N	96	G	Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Difficult CHINS

No. 7
The "Go-Getter"

To see this species of well-bristled chin at its best, it is necessary to observe its behaviour when its owner is purchasing a Vinolia Shaving Stick. Should an unwary shop assistant suggest that some other kind of shaving soap might be tried, the chin is immediately thrust forward to such an extent as to endanger the bottles on the back shelf. Such behaviour is easily understood by anyone who knows what magnificent shaves you get with Vinolia. 125 shaves for 9d, and a bakelite drainer-case, too.

9d

VINOLIA

SHAVING STICK

★ REFILL STICK 7½d

The perfect end to a perfect shave — a dash of Vinolia Talcum, 1/3 a large canister.

VINOLIA Co., Ltd., LONDON. VSS 68A/118

HOW A DOCTOR
Ended His Own
STOMACH TROUBLE

After Hospital Treatment Failed

His letter says "I congratulate you on finding a combination of ingredients that acts like a charm"

"In March and April, 1937, I was very much overworked and worried. Gastric symptoms, with hunger pain, then pain after food, manifested themselves, and I had to go into hospital. I came out with the trouble alleviated, but by no means cured. I then started on a box of 'Rennies.' The gastric pain, heartburn, or 'acidity,' disappeared in a matter of seconds after taking a couple of tablets, and I can now eat anything. Naturally I recommend them to any of my patients similarly afflicted. I congratulate you on finding a combination of ingredients that acts like a charm, and not only relieves but apparently cures so distressing a state of affairs."

(signed) ——, M.B., Ch.B.

So effective in action are Digestif Rennies, that in addition 1,193 other doctors have also written to say that they are prescribing Rennies for their patients as the most effective treatment for excess acid. You suck them like sweets. Every chemist sells Digestif Rennie brand tablets — large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity, 1/9.

1,193 DOCTORS NOW PRESCRIBE

DIGESTIF RENNIES

NO WATER NEEDED

now in 6d TUBES

It's smart—it's modern—it's sixpence. It's a beauty secret of the most famous London and Hollywood stars. And the things it can do to your complexion! Just a touch from the tube, and your skin is like a rose petal and stays matt for hours. Not only that. It contains a thrilling, secret new ingredient that is working all the time for your complexion beauty . . . taking away that "tired" look, making your skin look vividly young again.

Sold everywhere in six flattering shades.

Handbag Tube - - 6d.
Mirror-fitted Jar - - 1/-

Print do not apply I.F.S.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER CREAM

MUCH BETTER SMOKES by rolling in A.G

Not until you roll in A.G do you realise how much *extra* pleasure you can get from your smokes. There is a twofold advantage in these *pure*, chemical-free papers: 1. You get the unadulterated flavour of your tobacco, without a trace of paper taste. 2. There is nothing to make your smokes "fizzle away" so they last much longer. Don't miss these advantages—start getting A.G now—they're worth insisting on.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 3 styles
THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK
COSTS NO MORE

That is what five people wrote to Philip Inman. Read how he solves their problems

I AM a girl of eighteen living in lodgings in London. Including Sunday work, I earn 22s. 6d. a week, and after paying for my board, insurance, etc., I have very little left.

On visiting my doctor this morning I learned to my horror that I have a tendency to tuberculosis, and that my only chance of recovering my health is a two months' holiday.

My parents live in Scotland and are in very poor circumstances. I don't want to worry them and I certainly cannot afford the fare home. In any case, I should, of course, lose my job by going away. What shall I do? I am desperate.

★ I ADMIRE THIS girl's thought for her parents. It shows a fine trait in her character.

But she must not neglect her health—for it is her greatest asset in life.

I take it that she is insured under the National Health scheme. Then the doctor should arrange for her to go into a sanatorium.

If he does not consider her condition is bad enough for this treatment, then admission should be obtained at a seaside convalescent home.

That medical man, or, failing him, a local minister, through the Hospital Sunday Fund, could get her the necessary recommendation.

My readers will, I know, join me in wishing this girl life's greatest blessing—"good health."

AT sixty years of age I am beaten. I was forced to leave my husband ten years ago and my children, who either cannot or will not give me any help.

This house is a large one and I keep a few boarders. I am up at 5.30 in the morning and never get to bed until nearly midnight, and yet in spite of my hard work I am now in arrears with both my rent and rates.

If I give up the place I shall lose my livelihood. What can I do?

★ OUR LAWS ARE all wrong. No woman who has done her duty by her husband and her family should be left stranded.

She says she is in debt. Is it through lack of boarders, or is she giving them too much for their money?

If the latter, she must cut her coat according to the cloth provided. If the former, and there is no prospect of obtaining more lodgers, then it would be unwise to continue.

I suggest she should advertise for a position as housekeeper.

She would be far better off, for she would have a regular wage and not have so much work.

SOME time ago I stole a few shillings from my employer. It was foolish of me, I know, but I did it and was caught.

After being remanded in custody for a week, I was placed on probation for two years.

That week taught me a great deal and I resolved "Never again."

But now I wonder. After nine months of irregular work I saw my chance to get a regular job.

I applied and passed the necessary tests and was promised the post, only to find that I was later rejected because of my conviction.

What chance have I got? Casual labour cannot keep a man, wife and child indefinitely. Must I be condemned for ever for one mistake?

★ THIS YOUNG MAN asks for a "second chance." He ought to have it.

He paid for his crime and he is anxious to go straight.

I advise him first of all to write to his old employer. "I have learnt my lesson," he should say, "for the sake of my wife and child give me the opportunity to make good."

That may mean eating "humble pie." But a man in his position must forfeit his pride.

If that appeal fails, then he should see the Court Missionary or the Probation Officer.

They would advise and if possible assist him.

He must not lose heart or hope. Faith in himself will help him to win through. What others have done—he can do.

LAST August I lost my wife. We were ideally happy and I miss her terribly. Now I come home to an empty house—so different from what it used to be. I feel I cannot go on. If only the old days could come back. I am a partner in a small business and live a very steady life.

★ HAPPY MARRIED LIFE, even in memory, should be a cherished treasure.

But this man's wife would not wish him to grieve, nor to live the life of a recluse.

I hope he will come to know people and to make friends.

He should join some of the local activities or become interested in political, social or parochial work.

In service for others many have found healing for their own wounds.

PLEASE do not regard this as a begging letter: I have merely written in the hope that you can give a word of comfort to a poor old couple like us, who at seventy-two years of age and after fifty-three years of married life are friendless and alone.

I suffer from muscular arthritis, and my dear wife denies herself many things so that I may have necessities. We have to count every penny to meet all our expenses.

Thirty years ago I lost my right arm and for the next twelve years I had to maintain my wife and family by selling matches and laces.

Then I found a job as a messenger and was with my firm for over thirteen years, until this disease came upon me.

What can we do to brighten our lives just a little? I am at the end of my tether. It has taken me four days to write this letter.

★ THE DIVORCE COURTS tell of shattered homes and broken romances.

Here is a man and a woman who for fifty-three years have toiled along the way of life together—a hard way for most of the time.

And yet through it all love has not only persisted but triumphed.

"My dear wife," he calls her. And from what he tells me she is indeed a dear, kind soul.

Her devotion and affection must be a wonderful blessing and inspiration to him.

"What can we do to brighten our lives a little?" he asks.

He should ask his clergyman or minister to call and see them. He may have a "poor fund" upon which to draw and probably he could provide them with a little wireless set.

That would be a source of interest to them. Apart from that his visits would cheer them up. They would feel that they were not entirely friendless and alone.

My best wishes go out to this Darby and Joan, and my prayer is that for them "at eventide it may be light."

"Humanist"

wants to help you. Send your problem to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.

Burglar's Harvest

BURGLARIES are like epidemics. They flame up in a district and drive authority to its wits' end.

Then, just as suddenly, they fade away.

It was like that, recently, in mid-Yorks.

Victims poured into local police stations in a monotonous procession.

Entirely in ignorance of this crime wave, a local resident locked up his front and back doors before taking his wife to the pictures.

When they returned, still chuckling over a comic film, they found a real tragedy had entered into their lives.

A door had been forced and property worth many weeks' salary had been stolen.

But it didn't prove as big a tragedy as it first seemed.

The householder had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme simply by filling up such a form as you will find on page 2 of this issue And so we paid.

Often you must leave your house. Have *you* signed that form?

It is worth remembering that registered readers of JOHN BULL enjoy the paper's full protection while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles.

They have only to show that they bought the paper while they were away and, before leaving home, instructed their newsagent to resume delivery on their return.

Then they will be completely safeguarded against burglary, housebreaking, fire, storm, flood, and in many other ways, during their absence.

Who knows what that coupon might mean to you one day. Turn to it *now*.

When it came to the Test she bowled him over

Wives soon learn it's easier to cook one nice meal a week than to keep on cooking night after night. But Pan Yan helps to give husbands a pleasant surprise—this spicy appetiser makes even cold meat a real treat. It's good for the digestion, too, as it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. Good temper starts in the stomach—happier husbands with Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

WISE MOTHERS KNOW THIS ABOUT TEATIME SWEET THINGS

WHY 'INVERTED'★ SUGAR IS BETTER

REAL JAM PROVED BEST IN EASY DIGESTION TEST

ALL mothers know how children go for the sweet things at teatime. Children need the natural energy of sugar. But some teatime sweet things give this sugar in much more wholesome form than others. In many sickly, sugary things the sugar is all 'raw.' But in real jam, made of fresh fruit, Hartley's jam, an exceptionally high proportion of the sugar comes to the table ready inverted★ in its most beneficial and easily digestible form. Hartley's jams cause no risk of those tummy upsets which are caused by too much 'raw' sugar.

Wise mothers give their children Hartley's jams for tea. They love it. The 'inverted' sugar of Hartley's is sugar in its best form.

★ WHY 'INVERTED' SUGAR IS GOOD FOR YOU

'Raw' sugar has to be changed or 'inverted' by the digestion into a form in which the body can use it. In Hartley's real fruit jam much of the sugar is ready-digested, 'inverted' by boiling with the natural juices of fresh fruit. It is therefore quicker to give energy, and no trouble to the digestion.

An eminent dietitian has proved this. The reason for the supremacy of Hartley's jam is that it is made only from fresh fruit in the fruit season, picked and made into jam the same day. There is no chemical preservative, no artificial colouring matter. Hartley's is jam made the home-made way—and no one knows more about making jam than Hartley's!

HARTLEY'S is REAL jam

best for digestion and quick energy

PICC A PICCADILLY

10 for 4D

15 for 6D

"Film Favourites" Picture cards in all Packings.

PJ 206

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD
130 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

These icings were made by the same person!

She was never much good at icings—then she sent for "A Lesson in Icing Cakes"

NOW

her icings are smooth, glossy and really professional

Lots of women can bake a cake, but very few know how to ice it properly; and what a difference icing makes! The most ordinary everyday cake becomes something really exciting when you give it a smooth glossy coat of delicious icing. And here's a booklet that will teach you all there is to learn about icing cakes at home. This little book by Susan Croft, "A Lesson in Icing Cakes," tells you how to prepare the ingredients and how to get all sorts of attractive colours and flavours; it also gives a list of the things that go wrong with icings—tells you exactly why they happen and what you must do to avoid them. All this valuable knowledge is yours for *nothing!*

This is a chance in a thousand to give your family and friends a wonderful surprise. You'll be one of the few women who have mastered the tricky business of icing cakes properly.

Send for this FREE booklet TO-DAY—here's the voucher.

FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW!

To The Stork Company, Dept. P.6., Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in Icing Cakes."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Post voucher in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

Gift Coupon with every pound

JS 182-71-38

FOLLOWED BY FEAR

The man shouted as he followed me, "You broke up my home, ruined my life."

Strange Things Happen to Women (No. 4) by

Kathleen Hewitt

Author of "Strange Salvation," "Fetish," etc.

SOME years ago I went to live in Brighton. I had never visited or even passed through the town before and had no friends there. I was somewhat surprised, therefore, as I walked along the front, to be greeted by an old lady who smiled, said something that I did not catch, and went on.

The incident seemed trifling and I soon forgot it—until further happenings recalled it to memory.

One foggy evening I was returning home after a visit to a cinema when a tall, gaunt man loomed up out of the mist.

The pavement was narrow and he stood right in front of me. To evade him, I stepped into the road.

He moved as quickly as I did.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he said. Even in the dim light I could see his furious glare.

I hesitated, reluctant to give way to my impulse—which was to shout for help.

For a moment I thought he might be drunk, but his voice was steady as he added with a kind of vengeful force, "You'll pay for what you've done, my girl."

I managed to pass him, but to my annoyance he began to follow me down the road, talking wildly and rapidly.

"You gave me the slip once. You're not going to have the chance again. I'm going to get you back if I have to swing for it. . . ."

I came to the conclusion that he was the type of lunatic that suffers from delusions.

We were in the street in which I lived. It was deserted.

★ I was anxious not to lead the threatening stranger to my own door, so I crossed and went on with him at my heels.

The fog prevented my seeing him clearly, even as we passed the street lamps, but I realised that he was unkempt and unshaven, though not actually shabby.

"You never gave me a chance," he declared.

I repeated, "I have never seen you before."

"Don't be ridiculous!" was his unexpected retort.

He continued to hurl abuse at me, sometimes walking beside me, now and again dropping back a few paces.

I went on till I reached the front, where I hoped to find a policeman.

But I had no such luck. A group of girls passed, but I had no wish to involve them in an awkward scene.

I saw the steps of one of the large hotels just ahead. "You broke up my home," the man was saying, "and ruined my life. I mean to punish you. I shall kill you first. . . . We might both die by drowning."

With the crash of the breakers in our ears the suggestion took on a sinister reality.

I went on as if to pass the hotel and suddenly, at the far end of the wide steps, swerved round and went up them at top speed.

I flung myself at the revolving door, almost ran through the lounge, and dropped into an armchair in a far corner.

Every moment I expected to see my persistent follower appear.

But evidently I had shaken him off, for the only people who were taking any interest in me now were various hotel visitors, who eyed me with disapproval.

And no wonder, for I had rushed in as if the devil himself were after me.

I still feared to be waylaid on my walk home. But that night I saw no more of the angry stranger.

★ The adventure was disturbing. I found myself dreading a fresh encounter. But days passed and I did not meet the man who scared me, though other odd incidents occurred.

People whom I had never seen before bade me good-day. Strange men raised their hats to me. An Army officer saluted as he strode towards me, and seemed genuinely embarrassed when I took no notice.

I heard a muttered apology.

It was as if I had arrived in a town in which I was already well known, and I found the frequent recognitions quite disconcerting.

Then one day I went into a restaurant near the Palace Pier at lunch time.

The waitress asked, "Will you have your usual order?"

I explained that I had not been in the place before.

She stared for a moment or so. It was clear that she did not believe me. She took my order, eyeing me suspiciously, and went off to speak to the manageress.

I was conscious of their stares throughout the meal.

Before long, I again saw the old lady who had been the first to greet me by error. She nodded and waved her hand.

I was crossing the road, and came face to face with her at the pavement edge.

"Where's Peter?" was her immediate question.

"I'm afraid I don't know Peter," I said.

She looked bewildered, and I asked, "Are you taking me for someone else?"

"But I couldn't do that, could I, Madge?"

"My name isn't Madge," I told her.

She hesitated, frowning. Then, with an air of gentle persuasion, she suggested, "Don't you think you might go and see a doctor?"

★ I might have laughed, but I was much too curious. "Perhaps, as you're so sure that I'm Madge, you'll tell me who Peter is," I remarked.

Still looking puzzled, she said, "He's your terrier, of course."

"I haven't a dog and I'm not Madge," I declared, and was about to ask further questions, to get at the truth of the series of confusions, when the old lady gave a sharp exclamation of annoyance.

I caught the words "In very bad taste!" as she hurried away.

Evidently she thought I was playing a practical joke.

By this time I realised that there must be someone very much like me in the town, to cause so many instances of mistaken identity.

It is said that everyone has a "double," but usually there are points of difference that distinguish even so-called identical twins.

Apart from the features there are such points as the voice, height, and build to prevent confusion.

It was like looking into a mirror when first I met the girl for whom I had been mistaken.

She was in a deck-chair on the pier with her dog beside her.

The puzzled ticket-girl led me, deliberately, to the next chair, and watched our encounter with unveiled curiosity.

My double stared, astounded. We both laughed. Then she greeted me by name.

She had been mistaken for me on several occasions, once by my landlord, who told her he would be sending a receipt—for a cheque that *I* had sent him.

Her voice was oddly like mine, and she seemed to have the same liking for simplicity in dress.

I patted the dog's head. "This must be Peter. And your Christian name is Madge." I explained how I knew.

All the time I was thinking of the man who had accosted and followed me in the fog. I did not want to be tactless, but I remarked, as if casually, "It might be rather awkward for one of us if the other had any enemies."

Madge turned sharply. I saw an expression of fear in her eyes as she asked, "What makes you say that?"

I told her of the gaunt stranger.

She averted her gaze, and murmured, "No, I can't think who that might be."

But I had an idea that she knew. Naturally, I had no intention of using our resemblance to intrude on her secrets or to force confidences, so I dropped the subject.

After that we saw each other fre-

(Continued on page 26)

Of course I take a laxative

THAT'S WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR MY EXCELLENT DIGESTION!

Once having tried Beechams Pills you will be quick to see the wisdom in taking so safe, so simple a laxative. You'll never find them fail and the splendid improvement in your health will take years off your age. Get Beechams Pills now and make them your Golden Rule of Health. They are obtainable everywhere.

My laxative is

Beechams Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

This cookery book is for the women who have to get a full pennyworth of food value from every penny of their outlay

THE DOCTORS' COOKERY BOOK

21 Menus & 82 Recipes for Family Meals

21 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

PUBLISHED BY THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Obtainable from all booksellers, news-agents, Smith's bookstalls, and Co-operative Societies. All inquiries to the B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

PRICE 4D

COPY TO-DAY

GET YOUR

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

The new Robin plan for easy starching

"Quite an assortment to starch to-day! Two tablecloths (*the family's been careful this week*), four aprons, six soft collars, four pillowslips, four cotton shirts, two overalls, four children's cotton dresses (*including Dorothy's favourite, the one with the buttercups*), one dozen handkerchiefs (*wish that boy wouldn't think that handkerchiefs are pen-wipers*). Well, that looks like the lot. Who'd be a Mother! Never mind, it's easy enough with Robin. And it's amazing how far 3 tablespoons of Robin can go—if you know how!"

JUST TO TELL YOU HOW!

Reckitt's have just published an interesting little booklet "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered to you FREE! You ought to have it. Post the coupon below for your copy.

Sort your washing into groups according to the degree of stiffness they require.

1 *Take 3 tablespoons of Robin Starch; mix to a cream with cold water, add boiling water—about a quart—stirring until the starch becomes clear.*

2 *A suitable strength is made by adding six pints of cold water. Dip and wring out the tablecloths, aprons and soft collars.*

3 *For the pillowslips, cotton shirts, overalls and children's cotton frocks, add seven more pints of water; or take about half of the starch left over and add four pints of cold water.*

4 *Finally for the handkerchiefs take a basinful of the remaining starch and an equal amount of water; this will give you the right weak starch for the hankies.*

Ironing. After wringing out the starched articles roll up in a dry towel and leave for an hour or two. Always use a sufficiently hot iron.

COUPON RECKITT & SONS, LTD., DEPT. 609, HULL. *Please send me a free copy of* "A Little Bird Told Me."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

Please write in capital letters

ROBIN

Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Betty wouldn't believe it...
BOIL WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES? WHAT NONSENSE! I'VE ALWAYS HAD TO RUB MINE FOR HOURS TO GET THEM CLEAN!
RIGHT-O, BETTY, I'LL SHOW YOU, THEN! YOU'LL SEE THAT RINSO NOT ONLY BOILS WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES, BUT ACTUALLY SOAKS COLOUREDS BRILLIANT IN 12. JUST WAIT....
...until she saw results!

WOMEN ABSOLUTELY AMAZED AT WONDERFUL RESULTS OF NEW, SWIFT RINSO WASHING METHODS

"IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE TRUE!" That's what women say when they first hear about the new Rinso methods.

And no wonder they find it difficult to believe! For never before have women known a way to boil whites clean in 2 minutes... or soak coloureds clean in 12. Nor any way to get rid of all hard rubbing. Until the recent discovery of the quick Rinso methods, they had always boiled whites 20 or 30 minutes, and soaked the other clothes for hours, often even overnight, and rubbed until their arms ached!

The 2-minute boil

But as soon as they see how swiftly, how thoroughly the Rinso 2-minute boil works, they decide never to waste time and fuel on long boiling again! Instead, they put the white things straight into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They don't soak or rub them beforehand . . . instead, they simply damp any extra-dirty places, and smooth in a little Rinso. Then they bring the clothes to the boil, as usual. But then, instead of boiling them for about half-an-hour, they boil them for 2 *minutes!* After that, there's no hard rubbing at all to be done. The clothes are snowy white!

The 12-minute soak

They see how perfectly the Rinso 12-minute soak works, too. They simply put the coloured things straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 *minutes*. After that the clothes are so beautifully clean and bright they don't need any hard rubbing at all!

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MY DEAR! THIS FROCK IS ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT! AS GOOD AS NEW! YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT— I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY HARD RUBBING AT ALL, AND AT THIS RATE I'LL BE THROUGH MY WHOLE WASH HOURS SOONER!

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Follow the lead of hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country. Insist on easy, economical washdays. Insist on brilliant clothes-lines. Rinso will give you all these things . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

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Mr. J. Hedges, 27, Harding Street, Swindon, says:—"I thought I was paralysed when I was first taken with sciatica. My back was bad too and I was unable to stoop. Gravel in the urine showed that the kidneys were wrong and I had difficulty in getting relief. Time after time I had to be off work. The medicine which ended my illness was Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put the kidneys right and made me fitter than ever.

(*Signed*) J. Hedges."

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DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

TO STOP ACUTE INDIGESTION

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

When a dyspeptic patient comes to me for treatment, I know that the last thing he wishes to hear is a discourse on the percentage of acid in his gastric juice. His sole concern is to have a prescription which will stop his indigestion in the shortest possible time. Since the quickest-acting remedies for the purpose known to science are contained in 'Bisurated' Magnesia, it is my regular practice to prescribe this standard antacid—I know of no quicker or more effective indigestion remedy. Any sufferer will have convincing proof of the efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia by taking a little after his or her next meal.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to above by Dr. Scott—is available at all Chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

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Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gallon of Mason's Botanic Beer, and name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage etc. (Please cut out and pin to sheet of paper with name and address). Dept. B.....

Continuing

Followed By Fear

quently. We discovered further odd coincidences, such as that we had both been born in India, within three weeks of each other, and that we had both been on the stage.

We had actually appeared in Manchester at the same time, at different theatres, without meeting or hearing of each other.

We tried to trace any possible relationship, but there was none.

Madge confessed that her life had been unhappy.

★

She wanted, she said, to forget the past. Fortunately, her mind was fully occupied, for she was working as secretary-companion to a very exacting woman.

Often Madge seemed on the verge of telling me all. Then she would withdraw into her shell, with vague promises that one day, when she knew me better, she would do so.

The confusion continued. A friend, coming to tea with me, thought he saw me drive off in a car just as he was turning into my street, and I waited on, wondering why he never arrived.

It was impossible to convince new acquaintances that we were not twins.

Then I saw the man I had feared to meet again. This time it was in broad daylight in a busy shopping street.

He seized my arm, and it was days before the bruise-marks made by his fingers disappeared.

He said savagely, "I told you I'd find you, and this time I'm not letting you go."

"You're making a mistake. You don't even know my name," I said quietly, hoping that he, too, would lower his voice.

"Are you crazy, Madge?"

"I'm not Madge," I explained, and added that I quite understood his error since we were so alike.

His only response was, "So that's the game!"

I was in a quandary. I knew that I could convince him by taking him to where Madge worked—but I realised how awkward that might be.

She had denied even knowing this violent man.

Now I saw him clearly. I noticed that his clothes were good, but ill-cared for and creased. His face was pale, with deep shadows under the staring eyes.

I repeated, "I'm not Madge. Why do you want to bother her, anyway?"

"I like that! I didn't marry you to be left to a life of loneliness."

I had papers in my handbag that would have proved my own identity. But I was reluctant to produce them, for I thought that if the man learnt my address—whether or not he was Madge's husband—he might become a real nuisance.

★

He steadily refused to take my assurances and began to follow me along the street. "If you don't come back to me," he said, "I'll throw myself from the end of the pier."

Passers-by were noticing our dispute. I decided on a ruse, and went into a large draper's shop that had several exits.

I dodged through two departments, out into the street again, and away, glad that the meeting had been in the daytime, and not in a dark, deserted street.

Having eluded the man successfully, I lost no time in telling Madge of what had occurred.

"Is he your husband?" I asked. She never wore a ring.

She nodded and began to cry. "I married Edwin when I was eighteen," she said, "I didn't know, then, that he'd only just left a mental home.

"He's got an insane temper, my life with him was unbearable.

"He was always threatening to murder me and commit suicide.

"Our home was in the north. I hoped that by coming so far away I'd lost him for good."

"He's determined to find you," I warned her. I could believe that the man was unbalanced; my arm was still hurting where he had gripped it. "Can't you get him certified?"

"I thought of that. But Edwin's cunning as well as mad," Madge said hopelessly.

"And there are times when he seems quite normal. Then he breaks out again and behaves like a lunatic. What can I do?"

I could think of nothing except that she might leave Brighton and seek a new job in some other town.

She was concerned on my account. I told her that I could easily deal with her husband by proving that I was nothing to do with him. If he continued to molest me I could get police protection.

The next morning Madge gave her employer a week's notice.

In the following days she lived in fear of seeing her husband and only went out when she had to do so. Later she wrote that it was the longest week of her life.

But at last the day came when she could leave for London.

I arranged to meet her in the tea-room at the station and see her off. Arriving a few minutes early, I sat at a table from which I could see the entrance, and waited.

Presently Madge came in carrying a dressing-case—and almost on her heels was the husband from whom she was hoping to escape for ever.

There was nothing I could do to warn her, but as I feared he might employ physical violence, I moved towards the two of them.

My eyes must have been on the man, for suddenly Madge stopped and looked back.

Thus her husband was confronted by the pair of us—as like as the proverbial two peas—at one moment.

Even in the short time since I had seen him he seemed to have grown wilder-looking, more like a grotesque scarecrow.

But, oddly enough, it was he who seemed afraid, for as he looked from Madge to me he had to clutch at the back of a chair for support.

It was a weird encounter. No one spoke. And then Madge's husband turned and fled.

Madge caught her train. She was extremely nervous, declaring that her husband would be in one of the other carriages.

★

But when she wrote a week later she had not seen him, though she was still in a state of panic.

Within a month she left for Canada, where she had relatives.

Some years elapsed before I heard from Madge again, and she said that her unfortunate marriage was like an almost forgotten nightmare.

I was still mistaken for Madge, but I never saw her husband again.

And, remembering his threat to throw himself from the pier, whenever I read that the body of an "unknown man" has been washed up from the sea I wonder if it may be Madge's husband.

Nature plays many curious pranks, but how strange for her to use the same mould twice, and make me, by proxy, a runaway wife.

Miss Dorothy Black, author of "Idle Woman" and "The Loveliest Things," writes next week's Strange Adventure

"Fred won't be a moment. He's just finished giving the car a polish with 'Min' before he runs you down to the station."

"That reminds me. I mustn't forget your advice about using 'Min' for my white enamel paint, and French polished Furniture. It has made your house look lovely."

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"We can shut our lips that they speak no lie. We can imprison our tongues behind clenched teeth that they speak no guile or deceit.

"Our ears we can cover that they hear and harbour no evil report of our brother.

"Our feet we can hold to straight paths, that they carry us not into evil places and among evil companions."

A poet once put much the same sort of thing in these words:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know,
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Underneath it all, of course, is the same old story — self-discipline, self-control, self-mastery.

You can do what you will—no other can compel you. All the time, each time, every time, you can choose.

Of course, there's always the obverse of the medal. You can avoid choosing, you can just drift: but in that case you don't merit any consideration.

The Greeks probably put it more tersely and pithily than anyone else. "Know thyself" and "Nothing in excess" were their two favourite mottoes.

There's a very plain moral in all this—just as you can do what you like, so you can be what you like.

As you think, so will you act: and as you act, so will you become.

No one can make you think anything, any more than they can make you do anything. Your life is your own, to live as you choose.

And, consequently, the responsibility that rests on your own shoulders is terrific.

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CROSSWORD No. 115.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 23 is presented the 115th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 14, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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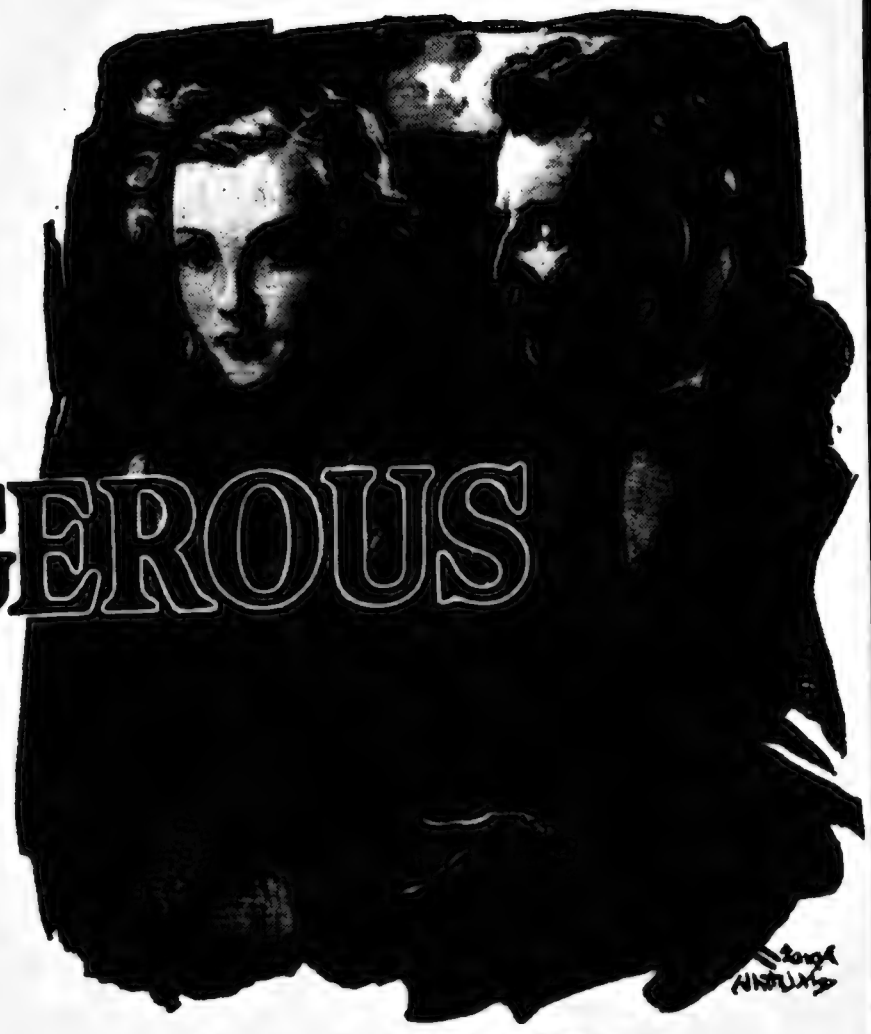

"I saw you as a potential star," said Nicky

"I UNDERSTAND that you are to get married next week," he said, bending forward and gazing intently into my eyes.

His voice was soft and resonant, he had dark, wavy hair and his eyes were wide and flashing.

"That's right," I said. "Who told you?"

He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I hear things," he said.

We were in a taxi-cab on our way to a party. I guessed who told him. The girls in the show I was with couldn't keep anything to themselves.

I had met him several days before. He was staying at the best hotel in the town.

Fred, our stage manager, had brought him along to a party. He was reputed to be rich and contemplating going into show business.

"You ought to keep in with him," Fred had said to me. "He might be able to give you that big chance you have always been looking for."

It was not, however, for that reason that I subsequently accompanied him to various parties.

It was his strange fascination. He had such a persuasive manner and charm. Yet he was a man of whom my instinct warned me to be wary.

My fiancé was in London. He saw little of me in those days, and he was getting fed up. He had fixed a definite date for our wedding.

Everybody called my mysterious escort Nicky. No one knew his real name.

Since Fred had introduced him he had never left us. In the mornings he watched us rehearse, and he was never absent from his seat in the front row of stalls at both houses.

I suppose the attention he paid to me flattered my vanity. But I never encouraged him.

"WHO is the lucky man?" he asked me as our taxi threaded the labyrinth of side streets.

I told him about Harold.

"So you are content to settle down and be the wife of a bank clerk?" he asked.

"I most certainly am," I said.

He thought for awhile.

"I can't make you out," he added. "Why does a beautiful and talented girl like you sacrifice a marvellous career to live a drab life as a suburban wife? It is foolish. It will drive you mad within a month."

"Ah," I said. "You don't know Harold."

"And I suppose he's a Clark Gable?" he added.

"Not exactly that," I said. "But I love him."

He looked out at the dark street, despondently.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've made a mistake. I thought you were a girl with ambition.

"The reason I have paid you so much attention is not because I have any designs on you, but because I saw you as a potential star."

He paused and looked at me seriously.

"Now look here," he added. "I've never told this to a soul before, but I am a talent scout for a big film company."

"This is a surprise," I said.

"But if you're getting married, what's the use?"

As he spoke I fell to wondering whether after all I might achieve my girlhood dreams and become a star.

PUT yourself in my place. What would you do? My head swam with thoughts.

The champagne I drank during the night went to my head and I could think of nothing but seeing my name in electric lights and being a second World's Sweetheart.

"Do you still mean what you said?" I asked Nicky on the way home.

"Listen, kid," he said. "I want to be frank with you.

"My firm relies on my judgment. They will spend thousands in grooming you to stardom, but they would only do that if they could be sure you had no ties."

That sounded reasonable enough.

"Think it over," he said. "Let me know in the morning. If you decide, I'll take you to Paris on Saturday to see our managing director. But you've got to be sure."

I couldn't sleep all that night. In the morning I decided to ring up both my mother and Harold. I wanted them to hear everything.

MY mother was delighted with the news. I would, she said, be a fool to turn down such an offer, but she insisted that I saw her before I went to Paris.

Harold was nonplussed.

"I don't believe it," he said. He wanted to know Nicky's name and the film company for whom he worked.

His tone infuriated me.

Then Nicky rang up to say that he would be unable to see me that day as he had been unexpectedly called out of town.

Feeling that everything might fall through, I said nothing to the other girls about the offer.

But within a few hours three of them came to me and said that Nicky had told them that they had most marvellous talent and he was prepared to give them Hollywood contracts.

As I called them all together in my digs to discuss what were to me now fantastic offers, Harold walked in. He had got leave of absence from the bank and had come to save me, as he said, from myself.

"I don't know," he said, "but I've got an idea that your charming film man is a white slave trafficker. We shall know for certain when he gets back."

He had gone to the police and given them Nicky's description.

A police inspector who interviewed us later said: "If he is the man we think he is, you girls have had a narrow escape. He's a scoundrel."

But Nicky never came back. Perhaps he guessed the net was closing in. . . .

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Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 25/6/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE

Cavalcade of the C.I.D. (7)

Hanged by Fingerprints

A silent house with doors unlocked led to the discovery of the death of aged Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow, of Deptford, in 1904. An errand boy, getting no answer to his knocking, became suspicious and entered the house. What he saw made him dash to the police in horror.

The local C.I.D. found that the old couple had been brutally murdered in their bedroom—a battered cash box was found empty in the corner. This "silent witness" was handled by police officers with great care.

About this time the late Sir Edward Henry brought to this country from the Indian police a new finger-print system. The polished cash box was examined and finger prints were found on it. The C.I.D. set out to find the owner of these prints.

After exhaustive enquiry, two local men, Alfred and Albert Stratton, were suspected. They were shadowed by the police and were found to be spending money freely. Yet before the crime they were known to be penniless.

They were arrested and the fingerprints of both men were taken. Those on the cash box were found to be identical with those of Alfred Stratton. It was not long before he implicated his brother. The finger-print evidence convinced the jury of the Strattons' guilt and both men were sentenced to death.

SNAKES in the SKY

A FEW weeks ago a large red aeroplane, capable of carrying two and a half tons of cargo, landed at Croydon and taxied across the tarmac to the Customs shed.

The hatch doors were opened, and out of the machine poured a stream of crates containing the strangest aerial cargo ever carried.

There were flamingoes, cranes, toucans, rare flying squirrels, mongooses, armadillos, humming birds, monkeys, snakes and many other strange creatures.

They had been brought from a world-famous naturalist in Holland, and were destined for the newly opened zoological department of a large London store. They made history by being the first passengers on the "Flying Ark."

WHEN most of us talk about air liners we think only of huge, gleaming machines carrying fifteen or twenty passengers.

Yet just as important, perhaps more so, are the air freighters which have become of vital importance to world trade.

Heavy machinery in parts, bullion, valuable paintings, rare sera and medical supplies, livestock of almost every kind, these are only a small part of the huge volume of air freight that is continually flowing through the world's airports to-day.

On the freight services from this country alone 10,000 tons of cargo are carried every year.

In the field of medicine air transport has already saved many thousands of lives.

Not long ago an Indian prince was suffering from a dangerous disease that could only be kept at bay by injections of a special drug.

This drug was available from one source, a laboratory in Paris, and it had to be delivered within the shortest possible time after preparation.

Arrangements were made with the air company operating a regular service to India, and the drug was delivered on time without exception, though the arrangement was in force for more than six months. The prince is now cured.

A glance at any aerial freight list will reveal an amazing variety of goods that are carried with as little fuss as that entailed in loading a ship or railway wagon.

Hundreds of thousands of day-old chicks, for example, arrive at Croydon every month, from breeders on the Continent, while dogs, cats, cattle, and even horses figure quite frequently in the cargo lists.

One machine arrived at Croydon quite recently with more than 100 monkeys aboard. They were passed through the Customs and went on to the Belfast Zoo.

And only a few weeks ago a boat left Croydon by air.

SAILING from Southend to Copenhagen a yachtsman lost his dinghy somewhere off Antwerp. Putting into Antwerp, he telephoned to London and ordered another 10 ft. motor dinghy.

The same evening an air freighter took off from Croydon with the new dinghy aboard, and delivery was made within twenty-four hours of the telephone message.

Air freight is now of vital importance to the coffee trade.

When the new crop is ready, samples have to be examined in London as soon as possible. These used to take weeks to arrive. They now come from Brazil in a few days.

The freight-carrying aeroplane has also revolutionised life in many parts of the world.

In Canada, for example, it has made possible the opening up of gold-mines in the Northern Territory which would otherwise have been unworkable.

NOT only do planes carry the crushing and other machinery needed, but they transport huge quantities of gold from the mines to banks and commercial houses.

It is a dangerous job, and is carried on in Arctic weather. Yet accidents are almost unknown.

Yes, the cargo ship of the air has come to stay, and its importance will increase with every passing year.

Even the Baltic Exchange, hub of the shipping world, has become air-minded.

After years of dealing solely with the carriage of goods by sea, the Baltic is opening an air section to arrange and handle aerial cargoes.

"The Greatest of These . ."

Mavis.

MAVIS is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Best, of St. Budeaux, Plymouth.

She knows by heart all the thrills of her father's naval career. And as he was Leading-Stoker in the Royal Navy from 1909-1919, those thrills are not a few.

Yet to-day she looks at her father and wonders. He is such a sick man.

Invalided from the Service just after the war, he drew a small pension till 1923. Then a lump payment of £20 brought that to an end.

Followed many distressing spells of unemployment. Then, in May, after five days of welcome road-mending work, came collapse.

He has been in bed ever since.

Mrs. Best is finding it a bitter struggle to pay off the rent arrears that have accrued — in addition to meeting the weekly rent of 9s. 11d.

For there's not only Mavis, aged eight. There's Phyllis, aged nine, and Beryl, aged twelve—and another baby expected.

Your mite would help Mavis's father a lot. It would smooth lines of worry from her mother's face.

Donations earmarked "Mavis" will be gratefully received. They should be addressed: Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged when names and addresses are given.

VARNENE your floors for LASTING beauty

The lovely finish which Varnene gives to Floors and Furniture will not readily chip or scratch.

Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6. V/EE/39

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

GREENWICH PRODUCTS LTD. LONDON, S.E.

DIGESTION

..starts in the mouth

READ THESE AMAZING TRIBUTES TO MOORLAND TABLETS . . . selected at random from many hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. You can eat Moorlands like sweets any time of the day.

IMPORTANT.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health —appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like

"CAN NOW EAT WITHOUT PAIN"

I feel I must write and tell you the good I have derived since taking your Moorland Tablets. They have given me more relief than any other indigestion remedy I have tried. The first box acted like magic—I found that I could eat practically anything without suffering the slightest discomfort afterwards. Eating, now, has become a real pleasure.—E. C. C. (Cardiff).

"MADE ME A NEW MAN"

Moorland Tablets have worked wonders with my terrible suffering. I was off my food and short of breath. After taking Moorlands I can eat anything and am now feeling a new man. Moorland Indigestion Tablets have done me more good than any other medicine.—J. C. (Grimsby).

MOORLAND
BRAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

No Proprietary rights claimed.

As all Chemists: 7½d. in cardboard (6 cartons (30 tablets)) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

Sells

HAIR

STOP Hair Falling, Combing out and Thinning
END Dandruff and Fading
AVERT BALDNESS

We could fill the whole of this paper with similar grateful letters and photos as those below proving the wonders Kotalko has worked in many forms of hair trouble.

Told he would always be bald
KOTALKO soon grew new hair

Turning grey
KOTALKO restored natural colour

Wasted Pounds
then tried KOTALKO

My hair fell out
KOTALKO brought fine thick growth

Afraid to comb her hair
New, strong hair using KOTALKO

"I had no hair on my head at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this. I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. The new hair soon began to grow, and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."—J. BINDLEY.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin. I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour."—Miss D. BELL.

"My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."—W. JOBSON.

"Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a mass of waves."—M. J. MURPHY.

"Once I was afraid to comb my hair; this is no longer so, for the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a thick growth of new, strong hair. Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—Miss M. WOODHALL.

Even if you have been actually bald for years, try Kotalko. If your hair is only falling, gradually becoming thinner, or becoming dead looking or lustreless, use Kotalko NOW and so AVERT premature baldness. Kotalko stimulates and awakens dormant roots, softens hardened scalp, clears up those deposits of dandruff which clog the hair passages and prevent the new hairs growing through the scalp. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon check falling hair, cover thin spots with vigorous new growth, remove unsightly dandruff and will make your hair glossy and "alive." Kotalko is not a "new discovery." Kotalko has proved itself. It had stood the test of time. For 21 years Kotalko has brought benefits to people of all ages. No matter what your age, whether your hair is thin, brittle, splitting, falling, choked with dandruff or even if there are signs of baldness, Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are what you need. Let a trial sample prove that Kotalko can do in your case what it has done for countless others—give you a new growth of glossy, vigorous colourful hair. Surely your appearance is worth more than 3d., it costs to secure this Double Test Sample. FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD. (53 JT), 9, Percy St., London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

The Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

CAPENSIS

ROBINSONISE by buying CAPENSIS, the BIG TOILET ROLL that costs only 3d. Guaranteed 100% pure and every sheet specially criticised for extra softness.

Made only by

THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD.
HACKNEY WICK E 9 LONDON, E.9.

Established over 50 years and the Largest Makers of Toilet Rolls in the United Kingdom.

RELIEVED NURSE'S RHEUMATISM

"May I say that 'Urace' Brand Tablets have been of untold value to me in my last go of Rheumatism—in fact have done more for me than any other treatment tried."—Nurse E. H. W., London. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

ACHING BACK stopped in 4 days!

"I suffered with aching back—had to give up my work for 2 months. Then I started using Bole's Gin Pills. I got relief in four days so that I could go back to work."—D.P. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE Sample!

SONGO (Capsules) prevent Sea-sickness, Motor, Air, or Rail sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1/3 and 3/6 Chemists or Post Free. Tendre Ltd., 180, Pitt St., Glasgow.

Take

Elasto

for all

SKIN TROUBLES

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 25A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Win "John Bull's"
20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
PLUS
£400
AND
FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY
GLORIOUS WEEK AT SEASIDE FOR TWO ADULTS & ONE OR TWO CHILDREN
IS FINE 3 IN FIRST PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM £600
£150
INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH FOR RUNNERS-UP—EXTRA PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP SUBMITTING TWO (OR MORE) £4. ENTRIES—UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, July 2, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 14. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 19, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 27.

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

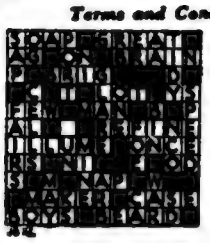
X-WORD No. 115. Closing Sat., July 2.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose P.O. Value..... No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....



X-WORD No. 112.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

One blank space indicates that FUN and SUN were Answers of equal merit.

12 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 112

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 112, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on left) were the following 12 competitors:—

Mrs. R. Agar, 58, Tenison Rd., Cambridge; W. Findlay, 5, William St., Ferryden, Montrose, Angus; Mrs. E. Foster, 942, Pershore Rd., Stirchley, Birmingham; L. Hazlett, 98, High Rd., Balham, S.W.12; H. Jones, Kenya Jo., Rosedale, Ruiyu; F. W. Martin, 54, Tweed St., Hebburn-on-Tyne, Durham; Miss B. Millard, 11, Rowan Rd., Coventry; E. P. Robertson, 33, Pearl Assurance Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. H. Selway, 738, Shenfield Rd., Hinckleyhorn; Mrs. E. Smith, 156, Barnsbury Rd., Islington, N.1; R. Smith, 34, Windermere Rd., Finchley, N.; Miss B. A. Smith, Park Gate, Duffield Rd., Derby.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £50 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 28, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 102 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 19s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 781 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SOAP. 5. AREAT. 8. BRAIN. 9. LOT. 12. FEW. 13. MAN. 19. ONCE. 21. RAP. 22. CARE. 24. BOYS. 25. BEARD.

DOWN.—1. SAP. 2. PORT. 4. TIDY. 7. CLARE. 8. CELLS. 10. CUR. 11. SPEED. 12. FARES. 14. BIT. 15. FUN or SUN. 16. FOR. 17. MOO. 18. MINE. 20. MAY. 23. WAR.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 115. Closing Sat. JULY 2.

Study these Clues

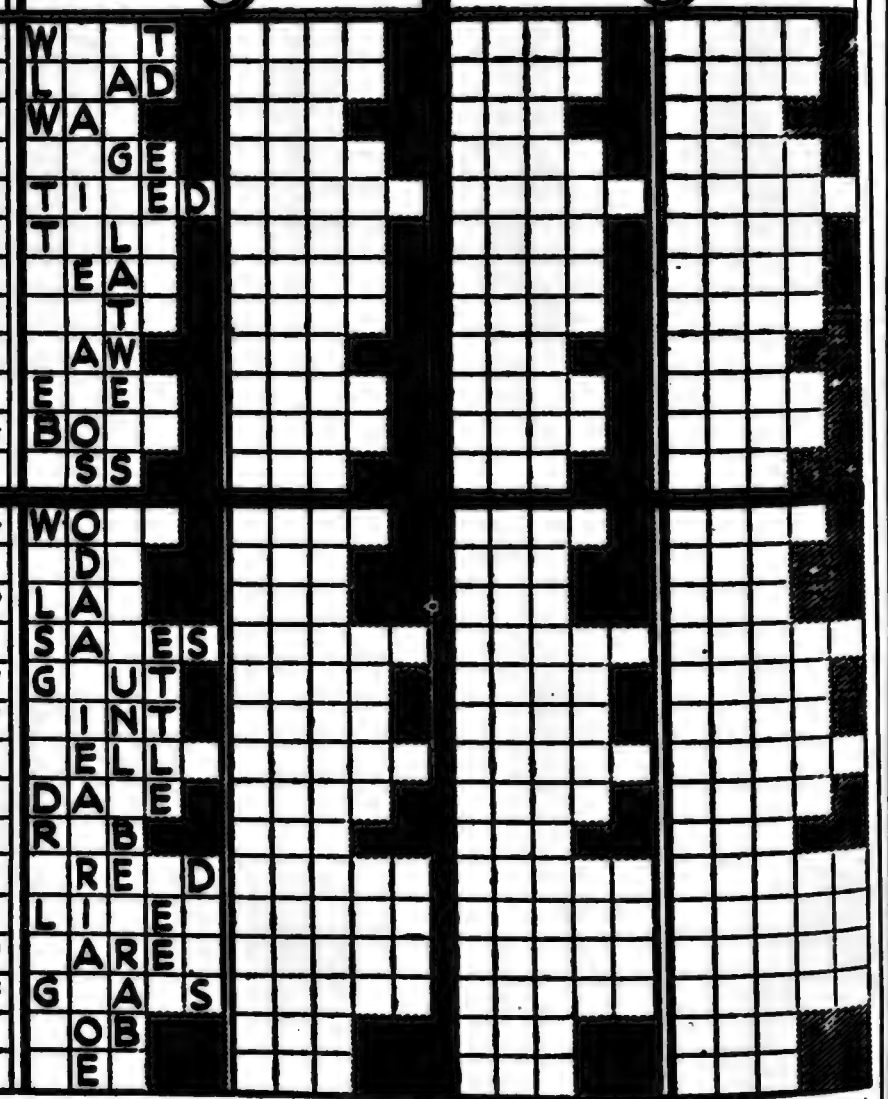
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE — FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. It's sad to think of keen man who has to do this for work
5. One would expect first-class shot to do this easily in shooting contest
6. Men are apt to do risky things when fighting in
7. Anger
11. Walks are, occasionally
18. Makes a kind of roof
19. Apt to be uncomfortable when high
20. Industrious little insects
22. Observed
23. It's foolish to think these
24. One frequently has a tough job to master
25. Donkey

DOWN

1. Keen writer would never be at a loss for
2. Girl's name in Canada
3. Is usually employed by jewellers for such jobs as polishing
4. Combination makes these difficult
5. Specialists seem unable to cope effectively with this
6. One can expect to get this from friendly neighbour's garden
10. These of prisoners may be ugly
12. May be one quite unsuitable for picnic
13. Rod of umbrella-frame
14. Most criminals know this of policeman
15. What you always see in big docks
17. One seldom sees good display of these in market
18. One occasionally sees someone mowing in this
21. Weep with convulsive gasps
22. Ocean



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 115 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 115, "JOHN BULL," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)
("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

WORLD CRUISE, FORTUNE and PENSION—NEXT WEEK'S COLOSSAL OFFER!

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

"You should have stated in your letter you were a 'bus driver!"—(From "The Passing Show.")

AUTHOR (Truro).—"What is the average man reading to-day?" Time-tables, seaside advertisements and pass-books.

MRS. T. (Rye).—"Love is the one thing you can give in abundance and still have plenty left." What about measles?

D. D. (Launceston).—"When I took her into my arms, the colour left her cheeks." And you found it on your coat?

T. A. (Holmdale).—"I went through a lot when learning to drive the car." Including the windscreen?

MRS. T. (Billingham).—"My husband has had indigestion for the last six months." You've been without a cook all that time?

* * *

HUNTER (Harwich).—"I ask you, where would you be if you met a tiger in the jungle?" In the jungle, of course.

L. S. A. (Chelmsford).—"My husband makes no effort whatever to improve his deafness." Perhaps he's postponing it until the children have thoroughly mastered the piano.

J. N. (Goole).—"I'd like to know what some people can see in a bath last thing every night." Water.

B. B. (Staines).—"I cannot understand my wife. She's absolutely crazy about millinery." Hats go to her head.

CLERK (Slough).—"The boss informed us yesterday that he was going to stop smoking in the office." He'll be wanting his staff to give it up next.

* * *

EXPLORER (Liverpool).—"Women of the savage African tribes never cry." Perhaps that's why they don't have much to wear.

R. W. (Lichfield).—"I'm a plain-spoken fellow. I call a spade a spade." What do you call the lawn-mower when the blades won't cut?

L. G. (Halifax).—"More than once I have spent six hours at a stretch on a billiard table." You could have avoided that by booking hotel accommodation in advance.

MASTER (Lewes).—"One of my pupils secured a total of fifteen marks in six examination papers, and as an example of ignorance I think that needs beating." So does your pupil.

MRS. B. (Epping).—"My husband often stops out until the early hours of the morning just to listen to the nightingale." We doubt if we could get away with that one!

W. D. (Hounslow).—"The man at the top of the ladder is not always as popular as he thinks he is." Especially if he drops the paint.

D. B. (Walton).—"My friend suddenly left me while on a camping holiday and went back to the City. I really cannot think what came over him." Probably the tent in the middle of the night.

C. W. (Aylesbury).—"I am sure that everybody's hand is against me, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will let me know what to do." Give up playing cards.

E. M. (Canterbury).—"My preference is for blondes. My wife is a blonde." Don't be too sure about that. She may, at this very moment, be down at the beauty parlour.

VERA (Putney).—"What can be said of a landlady who switches off the electric current at the meter whenever my young man stays later than ten o'clock?" That she's very thoughtful.

L. N. (Leicester).—"The burglars who broke into my house had a meal of sardines before leaving." The modern cracksman's tools seem to be able to open anything.

R. L. (Pirton).—"Many a suburban front garden is now a mass of colour" We once tried to paint our own house, too!

Dad's . . .

New Shoes

by Maz

W. G. (Swindon).—"I'm studying music under one of the most gifted composers of all time." You live in the flat below?

S. N. (Glynde).—"I first met my wife during a cyclone in America." Another of those whirlwind courtships.

* * *

VETERAN (Leeds).—"I am proud of the fact that I am an inveterate theatre-goer. What can people see in these modern picture palaces?" Films.

P. B. (London, S.W.).—"Can you suggest why the council meeting was over in a few seconds?" Because there were no minutes.

W. T. (Lasswade).—"I haven't sold a thing since I took up writing as a career." But surely the house and car have gone?

P. C. T. (Hampstead).—"It did not take my boss long to tell me why he could not raise my salary." About as long as you need to win an extra £2 Weekly for Life. See page 35.

S. M. (Poole).—"There is no reason why the whole countryside should not look like a garden." But surely there aren't enough weeds for that?

D. B. (Tottenham).—"I was foolish enough to risk my life the other day in order to rescue my hat." Another of those theatre cloakroom fights?

D. M. (Guildford).—"One cannot help admiring smash-and-grab raiders because they are always up to date in their methods." And yet we have never heard of one using an ice brick on a hot summer's day.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . two or three training colleges should be provided within easy reach of PROCESSIONAL football clubs. . . ."

DEVON AND EXETER GAZETTE:—"There were an INFERNAL luncheon, a meeting of the District Council. . . ."

THE YORKSHIRE POST:—"'The Count of Monte Cristo' with its IMMORAL tale of private vengeance. . . ."

MORPETH CHURCH MAGAZINE:—"Owing to Confirmation there will be no MATING in April."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"After the ceremony the BURIAL pair left for London."

ODOURLESS Hair Remover

At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1.

CORNS

When you feel you can't stand the pain of your aching, corn-tortured feet any longer, just plunge them into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Satin footbath. Relief comes instantly. The water carries the corn-loosening salts to the roots so that your corns can be lifted *right out.*

REUDEL

BATH SALTS (10 oz.) 1/6

SHEFFIELD SAYS THAT SHEFFIELD STEEL IS A STANDARD OF QUALITY ALL OVER THE WORLD

TOP MILL SNUFF

Housewives—

Get this FREE BOOKLET

"A Little Bird Told Me"!

Containing Many Helpful Suggestions

WOMEN readers are offered the opportunity of securing a free useful and interesting little booklet entitled "A Little Bird Told Me." It is offered free by the makers of the famous Robin Starch and tells you how easy and economical starching can be. Simply fill in the coupon on page 25, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning "John Bull," to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 609, Hull. Accept this free offer now, while you think of it.

IN ONLY 7 DAYS I'LL PROVE I CAN GIVE YOU A BODY LIKE MINE!

FREE BOOK tells how to get a powerful "Atlas Champion" build—free from constipation, bad breath, pimples—ALIVE with health, strength! I'll prove it in 7 days! Send postcard TO-DAY. CHARLES ATLAS (Winner of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"), Dept. 13/P, 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

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Sufferers from
HAIR TROUBLES
— turn to page 31 and accept the trial sample offer to prove that new growth of vigorous, 'live,' colourful hair can be yours.

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5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:19:6 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:12:6 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models
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5/6 now

Look out!
Next Wednesday
for a new and gay
splash of colour
on all Bookstalls and Newsagents—
"Summer Pie"
the biggest and brightest
Holiday Annual of all
will be on sale everywhere.
Look out especially
for the brilliant
Gilbert Wilkinson
coloured cover design
of the Girl with the Ball.
When you see
"Summer Pie,"
its 100 lively pages,
its many complete,
enthralling stories,
its new,
irresistible Joke Drawings,
you'll wonder how
such marvellous value
can be given at such
low cost.
The reason is
that all profits
from the sale of
"Summer Pie"
go to charity,
and so—
over 50
of Britain's most famous authors and artists
have contributed
to its pages—
and have
by their generosity
made it possible
to give you
a feast of reading
otherwise unobtainable
for the modest sum of sixpence.
That's why
this year, as always,
there'll be a rush
for "Summer Pie."
Make sure of your copy
by asking your
newsagent now to
supply it to you on
June 29.

Their Mission is Mercy

Gathering firewood for the poor. . . . Collecting feathers to stuff the pillows of invalids who cannot purchase such luxury. . . . Reading to the blind. . . . Home Ambulance Services. . . . Dispensaries in the hop-fields and other districts where there are seasonal workers.

How many people associate the Red Cross with such work?

EVERYONE realises the value of Red Cross work in war-time, but do they know of the services rendered in peace-time?

In every country where there is a Red Cross Society some effort is being made to improve conditions, fight disease, or make life more comfortable for those who are "up against it."

We in Great Britain accept the "Home Ambulance" as a familiar vehicle, scarcely appreciate the network of transport it provides for the sick in country districts. Since this was founded just after the war it has handled 1,885,919 patients.

Supposing someone dear to you is ill and needs costly special appliances. You can hire them for a small sum from the Red Cross depots.

Then the mobile X-ray unit of the Home Ambulance Committee fills a great need. In nursing homes and hospital wards radiographic work of such a high standard is carried out that the Committee is often called in in an advisory capacity when hospitals and institutions want to overhaul or improve their X-ray department.

Then there are those First Aid stations by the roadside at week-ends and at holiday resorts. Just another service by the British Red Cross.

Who teaches the Girl Guides and Scouts their lessons in First Aid? The same Red Cross instructors who give voluntary lectures in villages and remote country districts.

Last year the Kentish Branch of the Red Cross treated more than 7,000 cases in their dispensaries, chiefly in the hop-fields.

During the fishing season at Great Yarmouth last year, the temporary dispensary was attended by 619 patients.

The delegates to this week's Red Cross Conference in London are to visit the greatest peace-time effort of all—the Red Cross Clinic for Rheumatism in the Marylebone Road, which was opened by Queen Mary in 1930.

Here you find all types of industrial workers, chief victims of this disease, undergoing treatment ranging from manipulation to vapour baths.

PATIENTS in any hospital who want a certain book, even if it is a technical one, can obtain it through the Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library Service.

Then there is the Florence Nightingale Memorial Foundation, a Red Cross organisation which provides a home for nurses from all over the world when they come here to take the post-graduate course.

These nurses, by keeping in touch with their sister nurses of every race and colour throughout their careers, carry out a great work for the establishment of peace and friendship between nations.

But the Red Cross is not only busy in England. Sixty-three nations will be represented at the London Conference.

It is the French Red Cross who are responsible for introducing nurse aviators who fly to big disasters.

And now meet Miss Mabel Boardman, member of the Central Governing Board, which controls 8,000,000 Red Cross workers in the United States.

Miss Boardman has been working unceasingly for the cause since she attended the last London Conference thirty-one years ago!

To-day it is difficult to say which she has most at heart, the work of the Junior American Red Cross—composed of more than 3,000,000 children—or the nine different volunteer services which have been organised for women.

THE children have adopted as their motto "I Serve," and believe that every good citizen must do something to help others. They have their own council and decide their own methods of raising funds, generally by needlework, handicraft and entertainments.

The women's services did sterling work during the Ohio floods last January.

The telephonists, in their yellow uniform, stuck to their switchboards despite the rising waters, reporting and passing on messages. The motor transport corps and canteen workers rescued and fed the homeless.

But even when there are not disasters, America's Red Cross women are kept busy.

White-uniformed workers go into any homes where there is need as "Home Helpers." The "Grey Ladies" are famous for their recreation services.

Travel the world and you will find the Red Cross everywhere, toiling, organising to help others.

The Red Cross was born 75 years ago this week. To-day, in Britain alone, more than 30,000 people work selflessly under its banner.

To celebrate the birthday, an international conference is being held in London, attended by representatives of sixty-three nations.

They will discuss not only the noble work of the Red Cross on every battlefield, but the peace-time activities about which you seldom hear.

As this article shows, these activities make of the Red Cross an international maid-of-all-work.

YET ANOTHER HUGE BULLETS ONE-WEEK PENSION OFFER!

WIN OVER £2,000 in WEEKLY PENSION CHEQUES FROM "JOHN BULL" during the next 20 years of your life

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

LIFE INCOME FIRST PRIZE — OR LUMP SUM OF £500

6244 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

£100 £50 £25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 10 of £3 25 of 10/-

OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

200 NEW 5/- SURPRISE AWARDS | 6,000 'Good Shot' PRIZES

HURRY! CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JULY 2

HERE on this page is the name of the first new *Bullets* Life Pension Winner of 1938. And here, for this week only, comes one more golden opportunity for YOU to add your name to JOHN BULL's long list of competitors who have captured a Life Income for a few simple words.

With one week only to enter, you *must* act promptly if you want to receive on Friday, July 15, this Contest's First Prize Joy Wire naming you winner of £2 Weekly for Life. But before you start on your own efforts, look through the chief winning *Bullets* in our 1,123rd Contest, announced in adjoining column, and see how easily any of them might have been made up by *you*.

To win that lifelong income, you have merely to fit together TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*. Suppose, for instance, that to the *Example*, PLAGUE OF MY LIFE, you had added the rough note, *Sonny, But Cheers Me Up*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, PLAGUE OF MY LIFE—SONNY, BUT MY "TONIC."

Make a start now, remembering that none of this Contest's 6,245 prizes can be yours unless your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, July 2.

BULLETS' 1,123 RESULT

First Prize, £2 Weekly for Life, or £500 Cash:

J. E. WOOTTEN, "Sutton Veny," Holmes Avenue, Hove.

Example: DAD'S HORSE
Bullet: "GOOD THING" FOR "TANNER."

SECOND PRIZE £50:

W. DELLER, 5, Queensland Place, Holloway, N.
Example: Amid The Squalor
Bullet: Child Survives—Childhood Dies.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £25:

Mrs. R. A. MOIR, 11, Hollin View, Leeds.
Example: Can't Be Concealed
Bullet: London—Nor Berlin, Remember!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: S. R. WOOTTON, c/o Berkeley House, Berkeley Street, Cheltenham.
Can't Be Concealed—Jealousy—It's Too "Small."

£9: Mrs. C. SMITH, 4, Ashfield Road, Wellingborough.
Changing World—Differs Daily—Duffers Daily.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: J. LOWE, No. 4, The Castle, Carlisle, Cumberland.
When Sonny Ran—Face At *Broken* Window!

£7: R. G. PATTERSON, 30, Breck Road, Liverpool.
Amid The Squalor—For Fortnight—Member "*Fitter*."

£6: W. CONDON, Works Depot Stores, H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth.
When Sonny Ran—"Adrift"—Was Home "Lighthouse"?

£5: J. JONES, 19, Beach Road, Port Dinorwic.
Refugees—Flee—Geneva Sedately "Retreats."

£4: Mrs. DENNING, 113, Northview Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
If Love Dies—Church Shouldn't "Deny Burial."

10 OF £3 EACH:

Miss L. BEVAN, 71a, Wolverhampton Street, Dudley.
Without A Bite—Unless Nature's "Thirst" Quenched.

P. HARDWICK, "Eskside Cafe," Grosmont, Yorks.
My Guiding Star—Beyond Stars—Sky's Starless.

G. P. HOPPER, 444, Armstrong Road, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
She's An Angel, But—Methinks The Minx Winks!

G. J. JENKINS, Ty Bryn, 8, New Road, Skewen, Glam.
Refugees—Drive Home "Drive" Overseas.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. JONES, 17, Sayes Court Street, Deptford, S.E.
The Clock Struck 12 And—Amazon Wife Unhooked Pendulum!

A. R. MORRIS, 95, Warwick Road, London, S.W.
Happy Child—Till "Merry" Motorist's Mistake.

M. RICE, 2, Palma Cottages, Church Street, Tollesbury, Essex.
Dad's Horse—Arabian Blood? Probably Camel's!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

G. THORNE, Mount Pleasant, Penygraig, Rhondda, S. Wales.
Behind The Government—Grandpa—*Several* Governments Behind!

P. WARRENDER, 303, Church Road, Leyton, E.
Better Position—Nurse "Lifts" *Others* Into.

M. WHITE, 16, Addison Road, Chesham, Bucks.
In The Wrong Hands—Joy-stick Becomes "Herod's Sword."

A list of 25 10s. and 200 5s. Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

GOOD SHIP "BRITANNIA"
HOLIDAY FOR EVERYBODY
POSTERITY'S PROBLEM
PLAGUE OF MY LIFE
EMPIRE EXHIBITION
WAR IS DREADFUL, BUT
WITHOUT PARLIAMENT
INTERFERING
ON THE WAY UP
DAD'S TOMATOES
WHEN IN DOUBT
NEW BOSS
WON'T HAVE ANOTHER
STANDS OUT
CRUMBLING
SAVE GENEVA AND
LUCK OF THE DEVIL
A HANDFUL
IN SEARCH OF A WIFE
COWED HIM
DOWN ON THE BILL
LITTLE CONSOLATION
WHEN THE TIME'S RIPE
SHUTTING UP THE HOUSE
"HANDS WANTED"
IF AUNTIE JOINED THE B.B.C.
WASTE
LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE
GOOD PLAYER
IN THE DUST
WARM RECEPTION
FAITHFUL TO THE LAST

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,127 and Crossword No. 114, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,127) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 2. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,127) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 2. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 2.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,127) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 2. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,127 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **THREE** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,127, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,127 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,122 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. C. Wanklyn, 150, Shaftesbury Street, Newport, Mon.

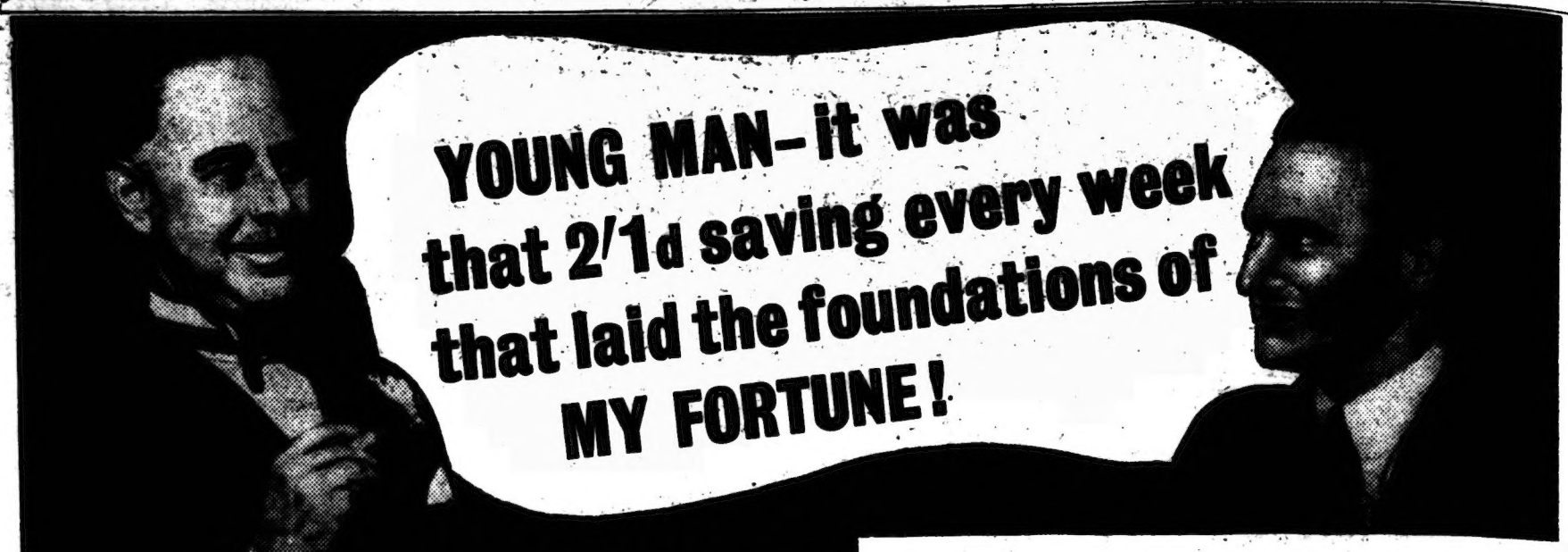
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,127, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



HOW MEN MAKE GOOD—

Every man with ambition should read this wonderful story . . .

'I WAS AMBITIOUS — but a whiner. I used to sell my newspapers, angrily envious of the toffs in cars, and sulk because I hadn't any capital to start up on.'

'THEN ONE DAY a poster put an idea into my head. I was a medium heavy smoker — did my thirty a day — and I saw I could save 2/1 a week without cutting down my smokes.'

'THAT WAS THE START — once I found I'd saved three or four pounds my faith returned — I stopped whining — saved more — earned more — and finally I got a poky little side-street newsagents of my own.'

'I MADE FRIENDS with my 'regulars' — offered them Plus Two's — chatted with them. One day one of them took me aside and offered me an Area Manager's job in a big chain of bookstalls.'

'FROM THEN ON I was all set to win. I was still saving and in a little while — presto! — *I* was the boss of a big shop and a car to take me to it every day.'

'THE REST WAS SIMPLE. I've everything that money could buy now except one thing — and that's cigars. Could buy a ton of 'em if I liked, but give me a PLUS TWO every time. Here's a remark to think over, my boy — when you're as rich as I am you can afford to buy the best even when it costs you less. See what I mean? No? Then think it over.'

DON'T WAIT! Go straight out now and buy your first big packet of PLUS TWO — smoke as many as you like -and start right in saving the money you need behind you in this life!

★

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills — save you MONEY!

Smokers! YOU TOO can save — yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good — thanks to NO FRILL packing!

2/1d. a week saved! Where's the catch? *There ain't one!* Say you smoke 30 a day; most men do. You simply switch over to the new full-size, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes — every bit as big and as good as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies' — and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regular* every Saturday! Here's how it's done — You buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for frills and wrappings — and that's why you get TWO MORE for your tanner. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit! Remember — only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke. *We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd. — that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crop is used in PLUS TWO'S.* So it's not a chance you're taking — it's a winner — a cert — a natural! Cash in on it! get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start banking this terrific cash bonus saving — NOW!

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES

Full size

ALSO CORK TIPPED — BLUE BOXES

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